

CALLING ALL
BOYS

CALLING ALL

JANUARY No.

10c

11/24
BOYS

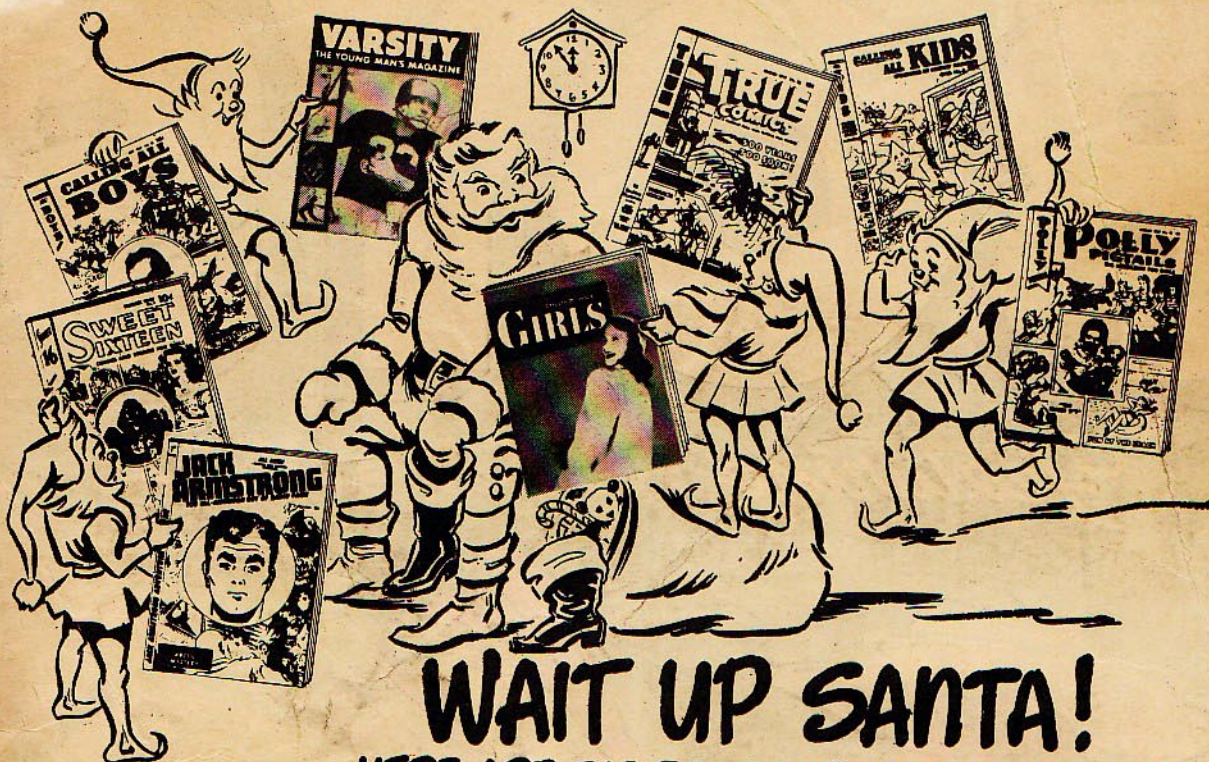
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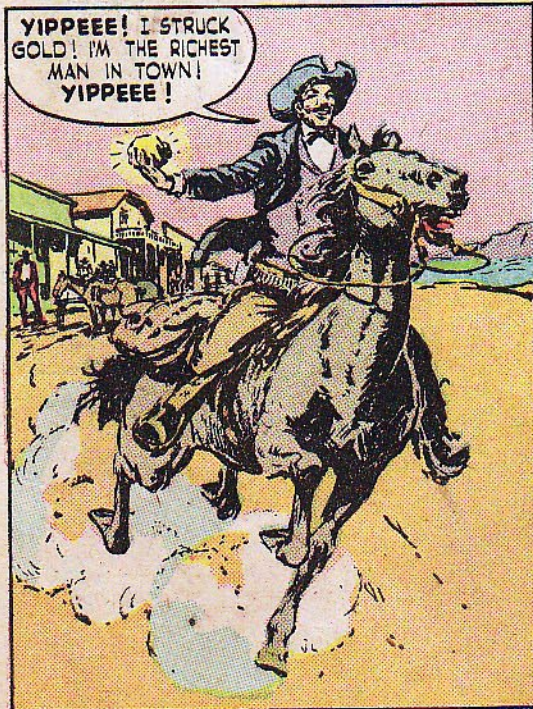
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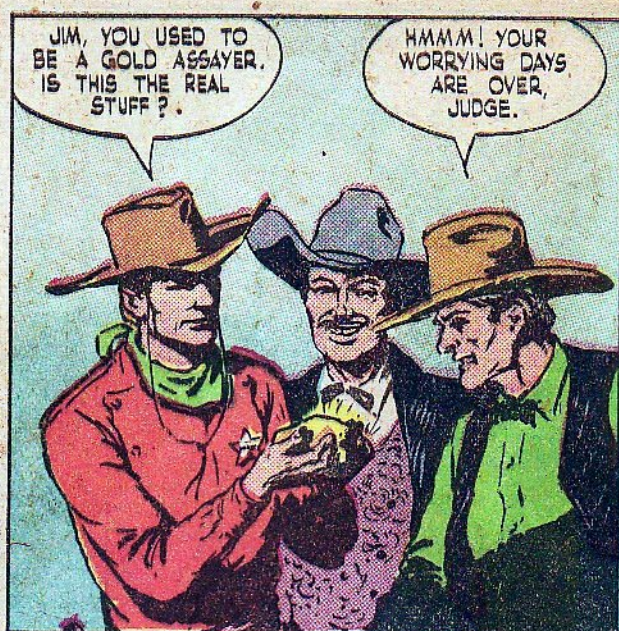
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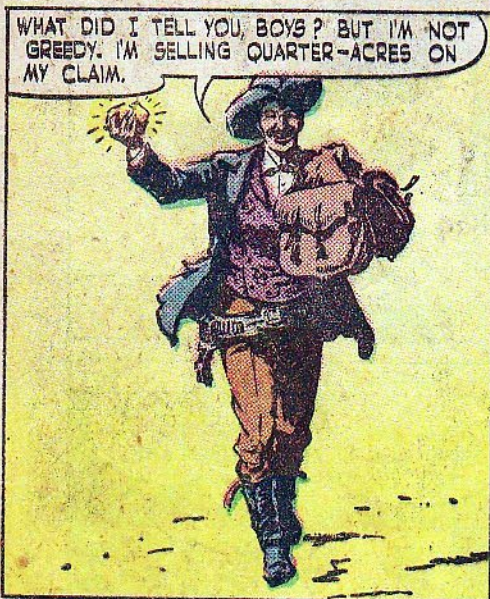


THAT LOOKS LIKE
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JIM, YOU USED TO
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IS THIS THE REAL
STUFF?

HHMM! YOUR
WORRYING DAYS
ARE OVER,
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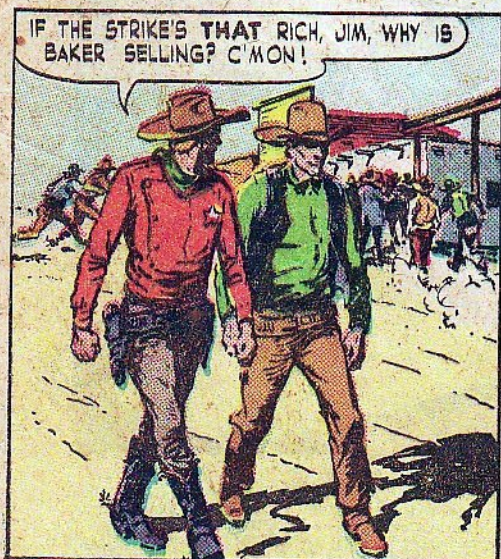


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GREEDY. I'M SELLING QUARTER-ACRES ON
MY CLAIM.

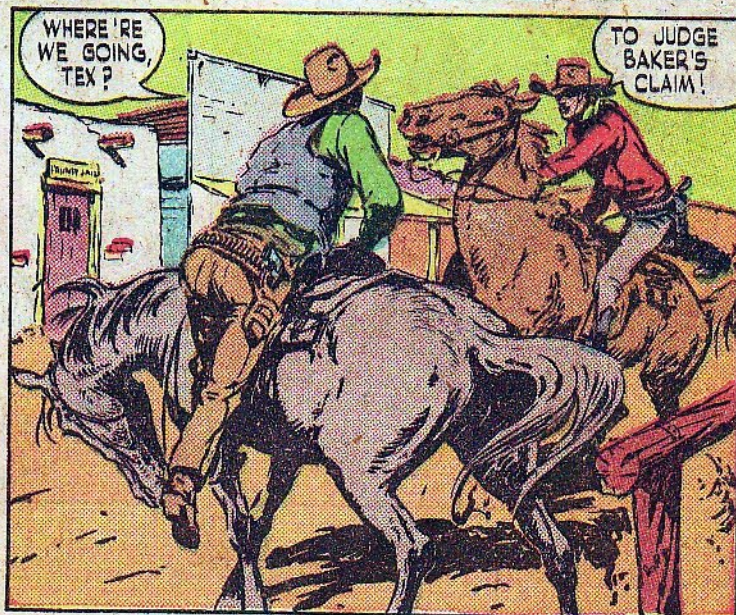


HERE'S MY
MONEY, BAKER!

I'LL TAKE TWO
QUARTER-ACRES,
JUDGE!

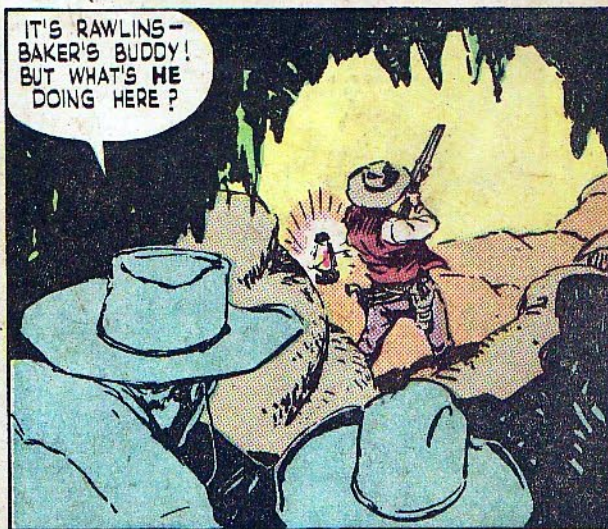
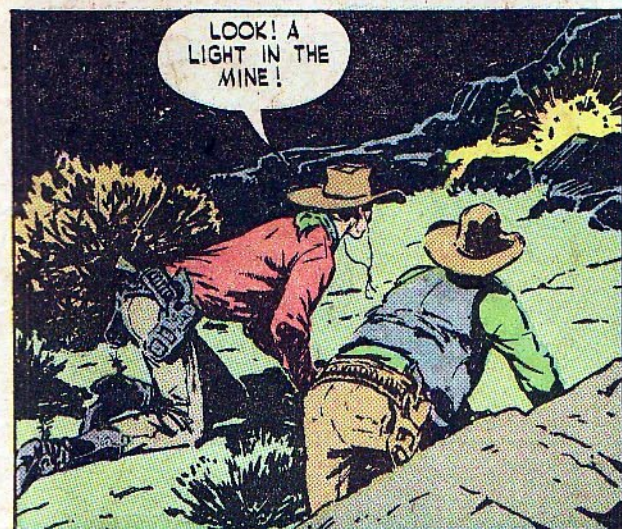
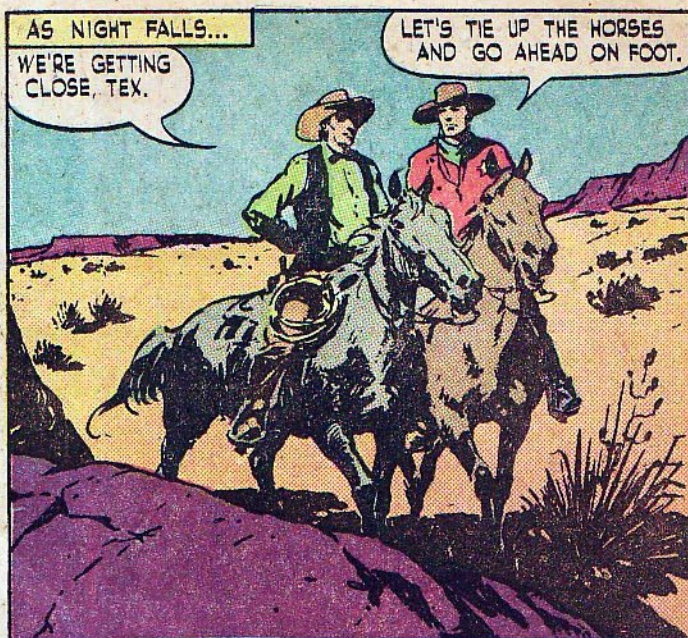


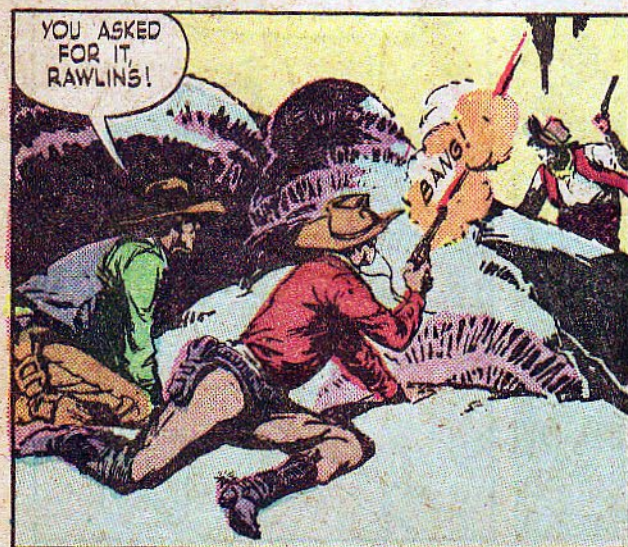
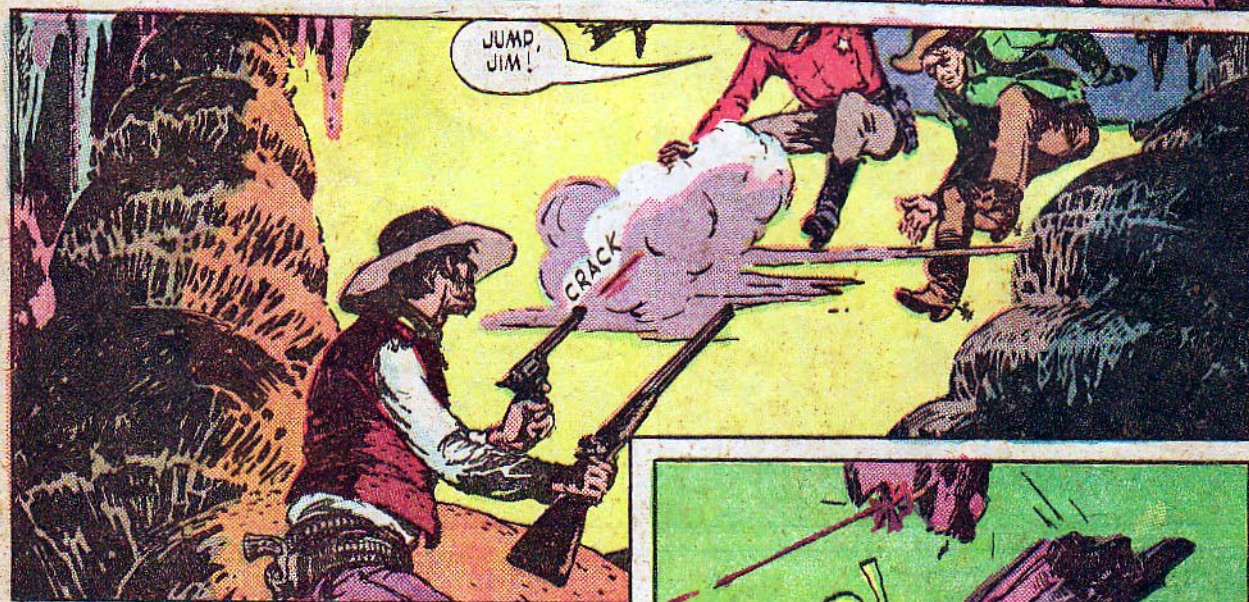
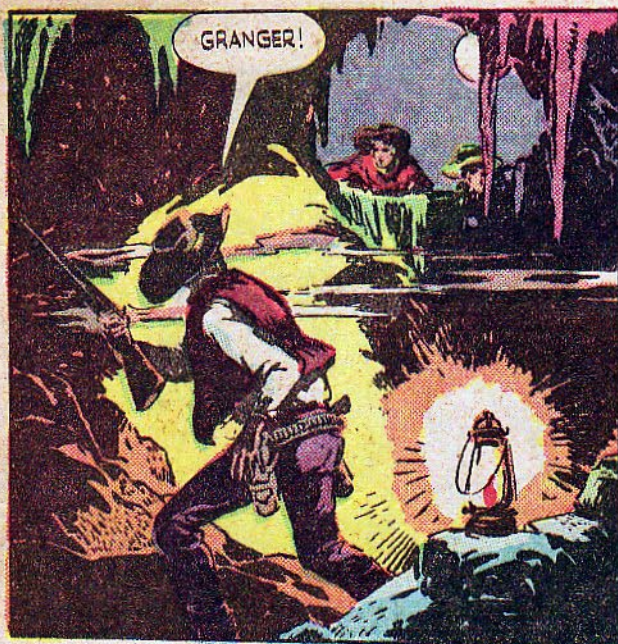
IF THE STRIKE'S THAT RICH, JIM, WHY IS
BAKER SELLING? C'MON!

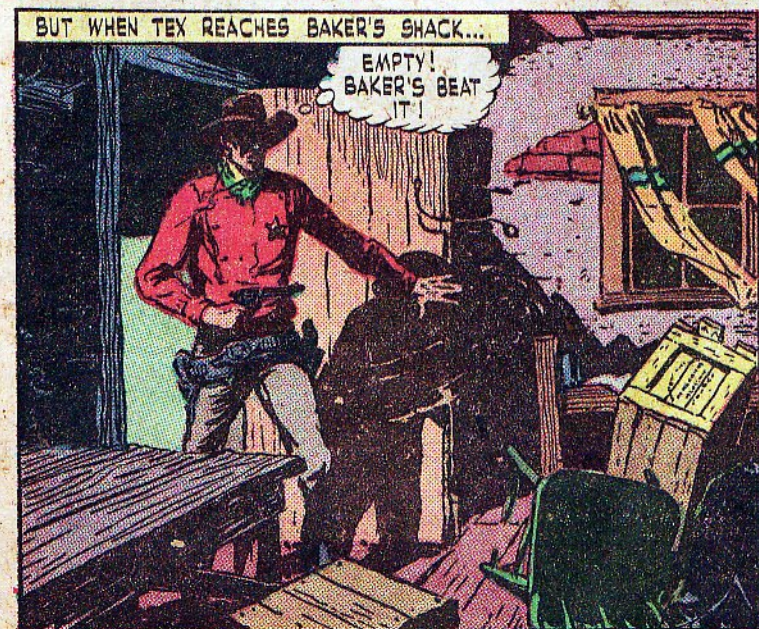
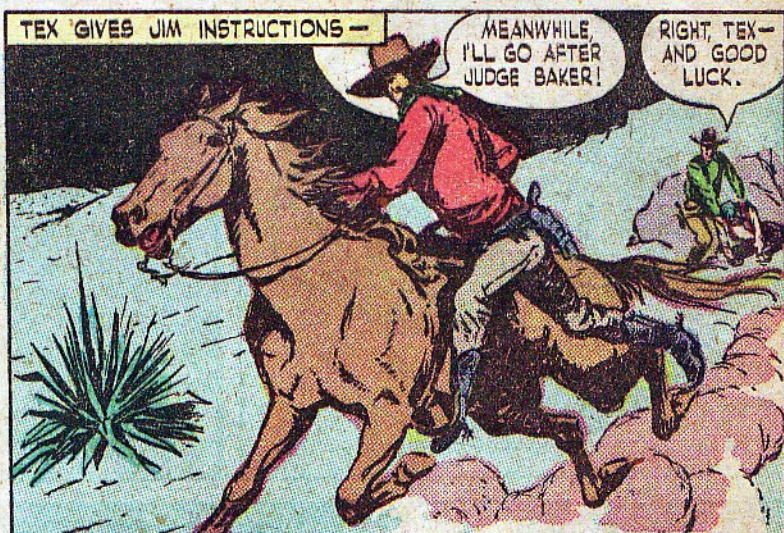
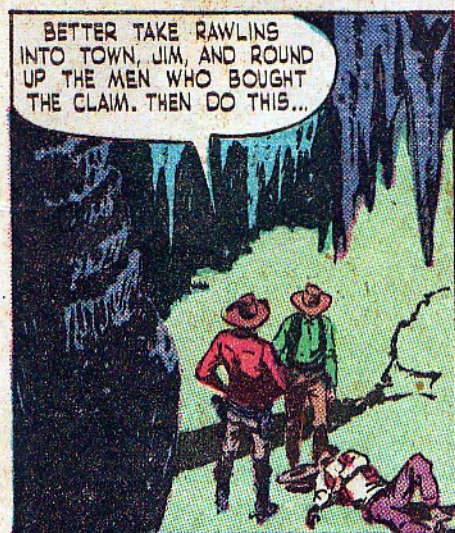
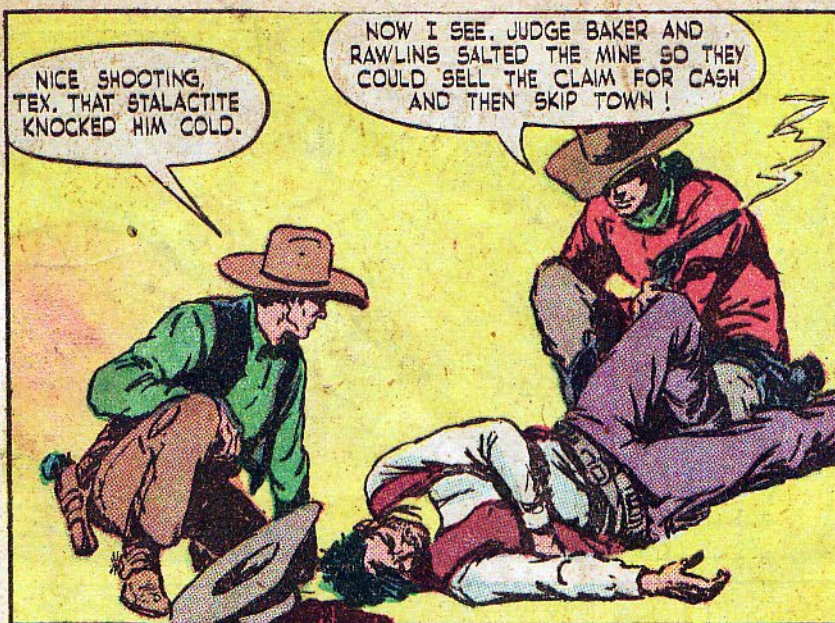


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WE GOING,
TEX?

TO JUDGE
BAKER'S
CLAIM!



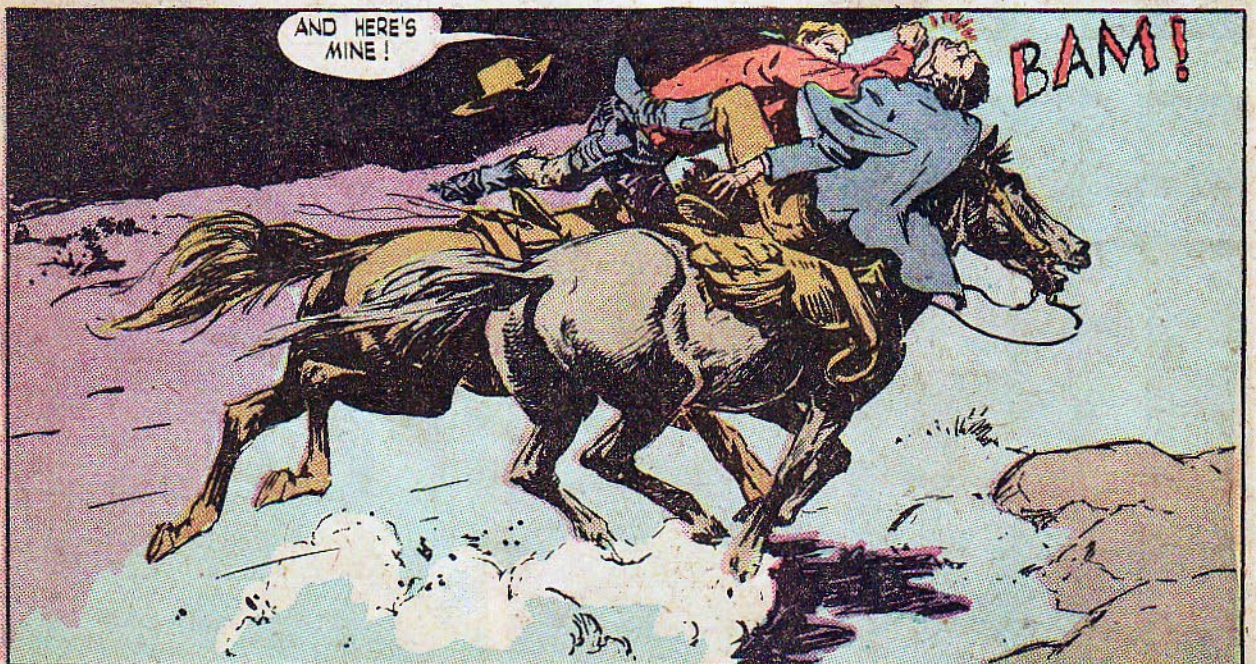
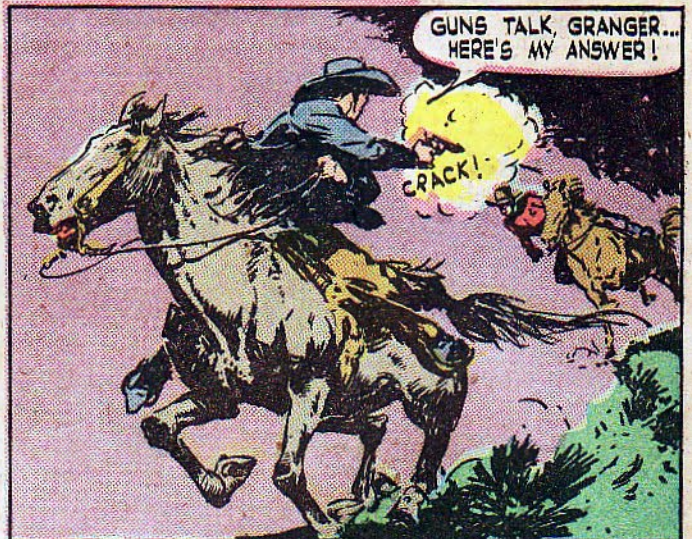
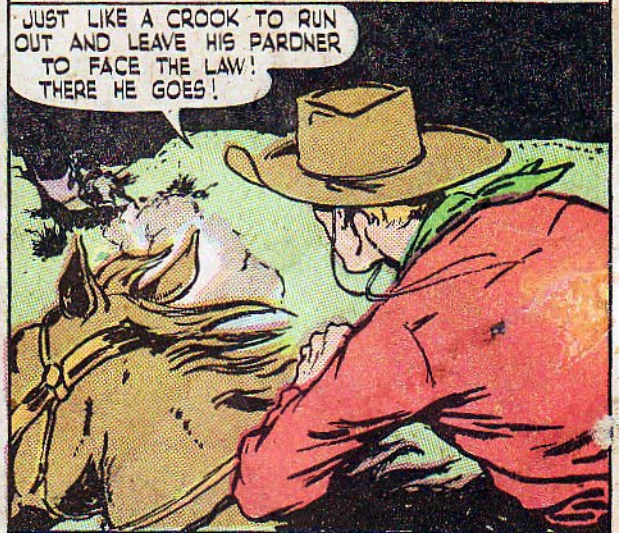


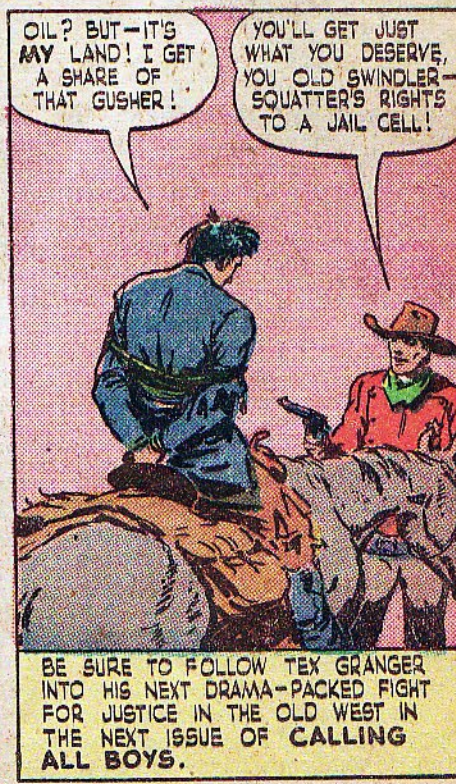
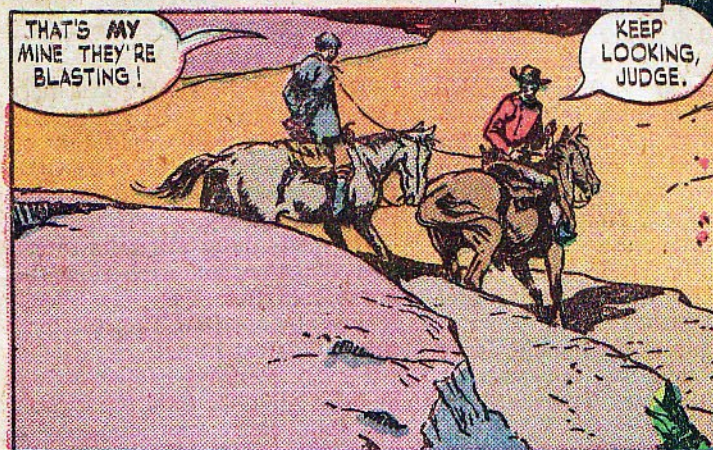
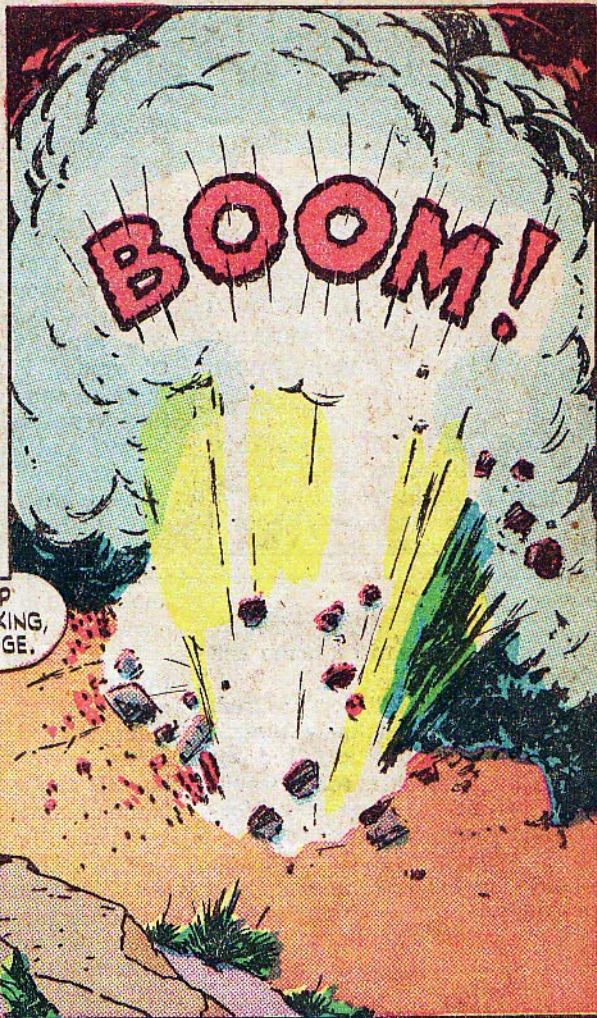
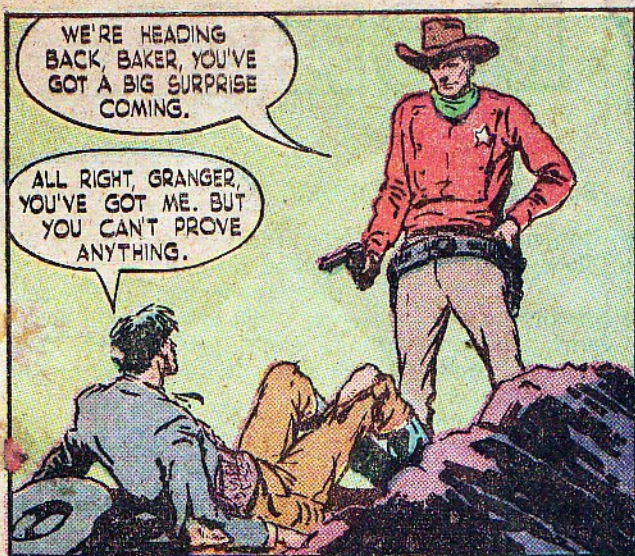


AS JIM ROUNDS UP THE SWINDLED RANCHERS...



...TEX TRAILS THE RUNAWAY JUDGE BAKER.





ONE-PLAY MORGAN

By D. PETER ZURLINDEN, JR.

When the star clown and bench warmer is sent into the crucial game of the season, anything can happen.

JERRY MORGAN, Tad Whistler, and Herbie Stevens wrestled about in the locker room. "Catch, Herbie!" Jerry shouted as he threw Tad's shirt over his head to the big Gilbert High half-back.

"Aw, fellas," Tad pleaded, "c'mon. I've got to go home and clean the cellar."

"Clean the cellar!" Jerry yelled. "Doesn't your dad know that if our star quarterback fell down the cellar stairs, the coach would have to put me—One-Play Morgan—in your position next Saturday? What a spot Gilbert High would be in with me calling the plays in the championship game against Elmhurst High! Might as well give the guy his shirt, Herbie."

Serious, flame-headed Tad Whistler accepted the shirt and pulled it on.

"Now, Tadpole," Jerry began, "if you—"

"Look, Jerry," Tad snapped. "If you put as much time into your football as you do into horseplay, you would have been a Gilbert star long ago. You—instead of me—could be the first-string quarterback. Why—"

"Knock it off, Tad," Herbie interrupted. "Jerry never will wise up no matter how much we talk."

Jerry's face had clouded the moment Tad began the old refrain. Then, when Tad and Herbie left, he pulled on his sweater, noting bitterly that it bore no gold "G" such as his two friends wore.

"No use fooling myself," he mused. "I'm just a clown. Always have been, always will be. I'd give my left arm to start a game—but will I? No. I'm big enough and fast enough—but I get the jitters. Can't stop getting those jitters!"

"Coach knows it, too. Guess everybody does. I'm swell on the practice field, but I blow up in a

game. One-Play Morgan, that's me. One play and blooey!—there goes the game!"

During Monday practice he was the same old Jerry Morgan. Clowning, laughing, and heckling, he ran his second-stringers like a well-oiled machine. Both Gilbert and Elmhurst were going into the final tilt undefeated. But this was the first time Gilbert had ever had a chance for an unbeaten season and the Crescent League championship. Varsity and second-stringers poured their energy into the practice session.

Time and again Jerry bounded through an opening into the secondary. Once, he broke away for what seemed a touchdown, but safety man Tad Whistler flung himself at Jerry from behind and hauled him down.

"That's the stuff, Tad," Jerry chortled. "Do that Saturday and the championship's ours!"

Coming out of the huddle, Jerry threw a grin at the varsity. "Watch this one, Tadpole!" he challenged.

The play started like a spinner buck at the middle. But then Forsty, Jerry's running back, swung wide halfway through the spin, and flew hard around his own right end. Jerry plowed through the opening at center. He headed downfield at half-speed, cutting toward Tad Whistler as the safety man, realizing Forsty, not Jerry, had the ball, angled to close in on the ball-carrier near the sideline.

Suddenly Jerry loomed out of nowhere and cut the star down with a perfect body-block. Forsty ran the remaining distance to the goal unmolested.

"How'd you like that?" Jerry chuckled, gaining his feet. Suddenly his grin disappeared. The star quarterback was on the turf, his leg twisted beneath him.

"Tad! Tad!"

Jerry needed no reply. He could see that his jarring smash had broken Tad's left leg. He watched mutely while they carried his friend from the field.

"There goes the Elmhurst game—and the championship!"

Jerry turned to find Herbie Stephens at his side.

"Always clowning," Herbie said tensely. "You have to pull something, don't you Jerry? You didn't mean it, of course, or—or did you?"

HE HAD never expected this. Not from Herbie. Jerry stood there dumfounded as the halfback walked off.

"All right, Jerry," the coach yelled. "Move into Tad's slot. You've got hard work ahead of you before Saturday."

Those five days were the most miserable Jerry ever spent. No one on the squad would talk to him. He called the plays and the fellows moved back to their positions soundlessly.

He made daily attempts to see Tad Whistler, but each time the nurse said that Tad was asleep. It was obvious that Tad, too, had turned against him.

Finally Saturday came. As they huddled for their final pre-kickoff pep talk, Jerry was stung by a remark from Herbie.

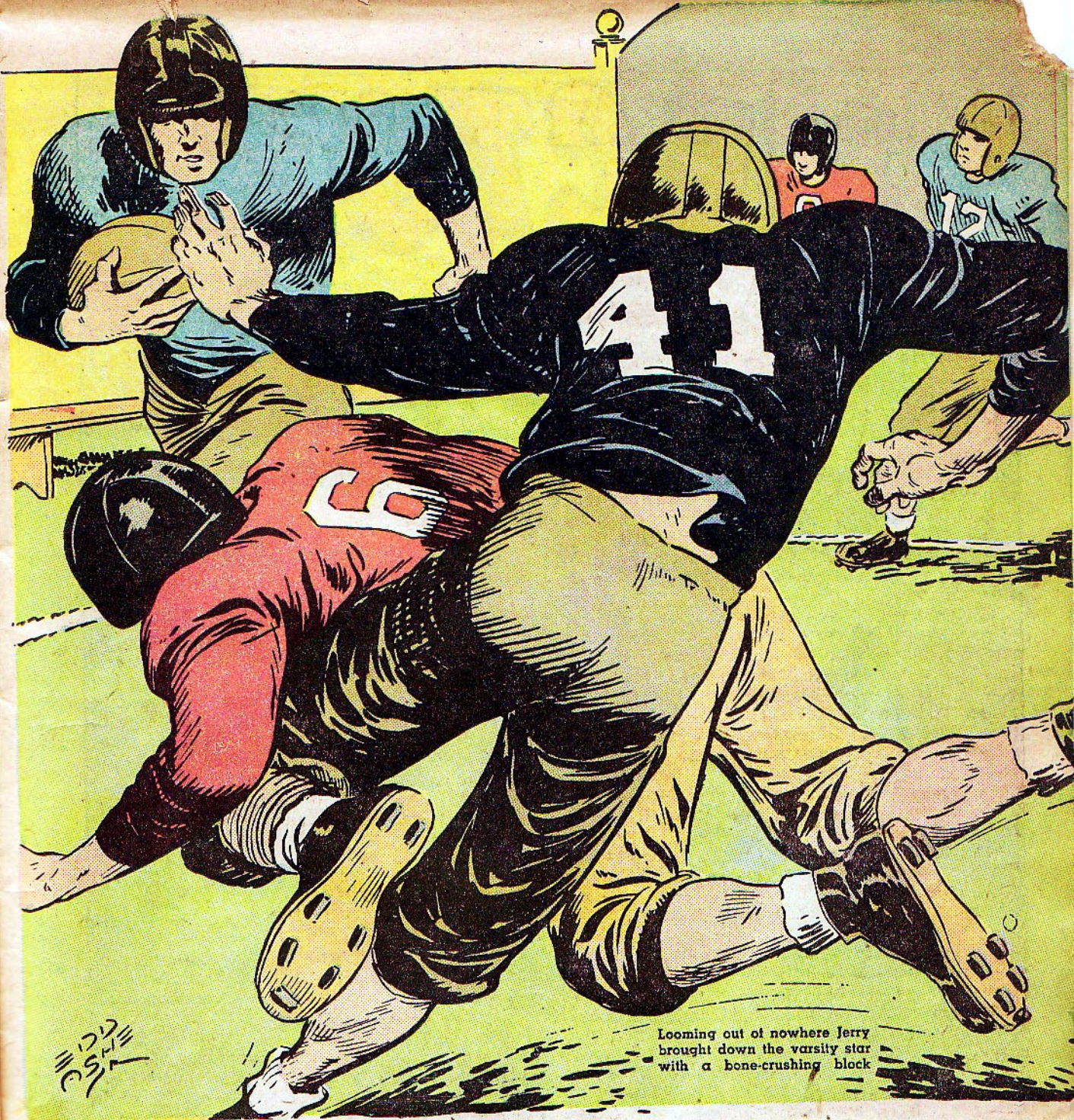
"All right, gang," Herbie, captain for the big game, declared. "We'll win—provided certain people don't try anything funny."

Well, they were *not* winning. Nor were they losing. In the fourth period, the scoreboard read 0-0.

Jerry had lost himself in the task at hand, despite the fact that his teammates shunned him. Elmhurst's team, slightly heavier than the Gilbert players, surged downfield three times in the first half—only to be stopped at the goal line by Gilbert's last-ditch stands.

For a time in the third quarter it had seemed that Herbie would score. Playing without his old nervousness, Jerry protected the halfback with the most expert blocking the Crescent League had ever seen. But Herbie never quite got away. And Jerry had refused to call his own signal even once.

Elmhurst was on the rampage again. Baxter, full-back, barreled through center time and again for



Looming out of nowhere Jerry brought down the varsity star with a bone-crushing block

a first down on Gilbert's 15-yard line. Herbie finally intercepted a fourth-down pass. The clock showed three minutes remaining.

In the huddle Jerry's chest tightened. He knew the play he wanted to call. A play that would surprise Elmhurst right out of the stadium. But he could not risk calling it.

So he sent Herbie spinning over left tackle twice. Both times Elmhurst stopped him cold. Only two minutes left.

"Thirty-eight this time," Jerry said in the huddle.

"Thirty-eight?" from Herbie

Stephens, as if he hadn't heard.

"You heard me! Thirty-eight."

"Just wanted to make sure," was the sharp reply. "Let's go!"

Jerry was tense when they fell into formation. If the play failed, Gilbert would have to punt, and Elmhurst would get one final chance to score. But as long as he had a chance to win he knew he could not consider anything his teammates might think.

He called signals in a firm voice, going into motion from the T-formation one count before the ball was snapped. Herbie had it, and plunged forward, twisting as

he drove in a fake at center, then swung toward the sideline.

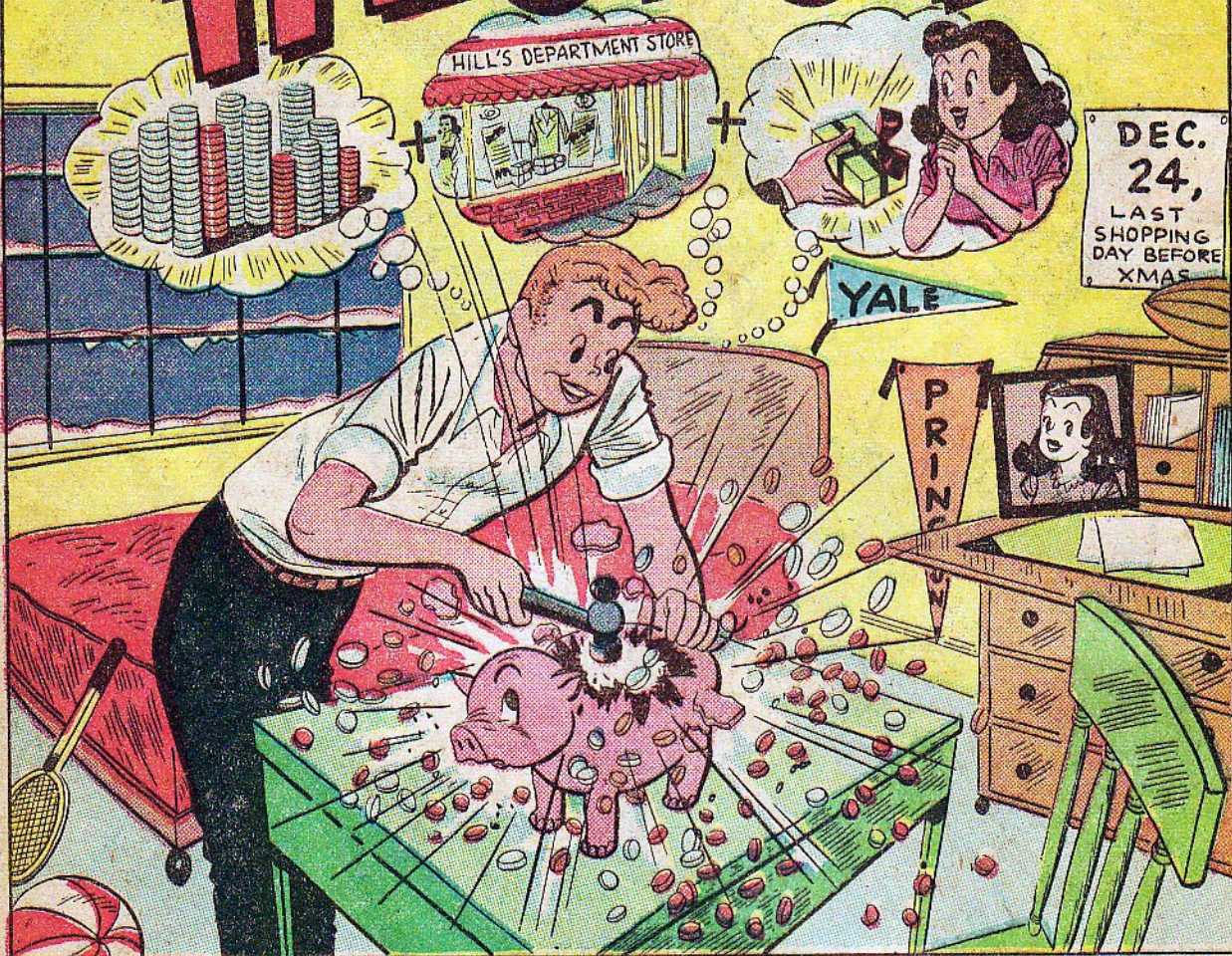
Jerry faked a block on the Elmhurst left end. Then he faded two steps back toward his own goal line until he was a pace behind Herbie and some three yards off his flank.

"Now!"

Jerry's fears were dispelled when the halfback shoveled a lateral toward him. He accepted the ball, made a half-pivot, and careened upfield.

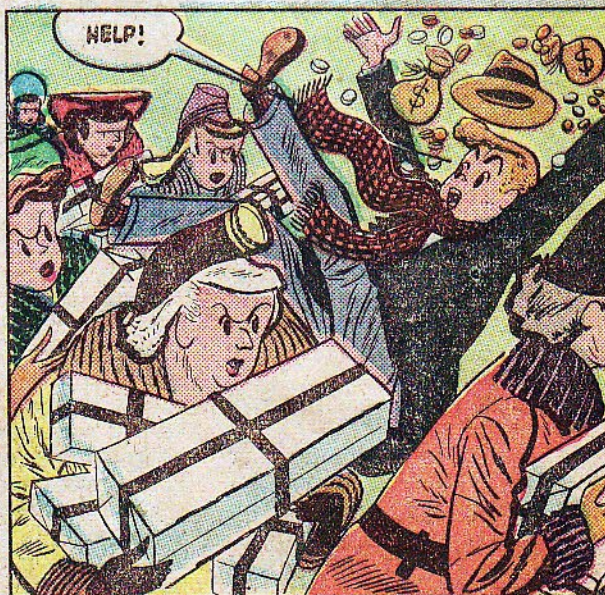
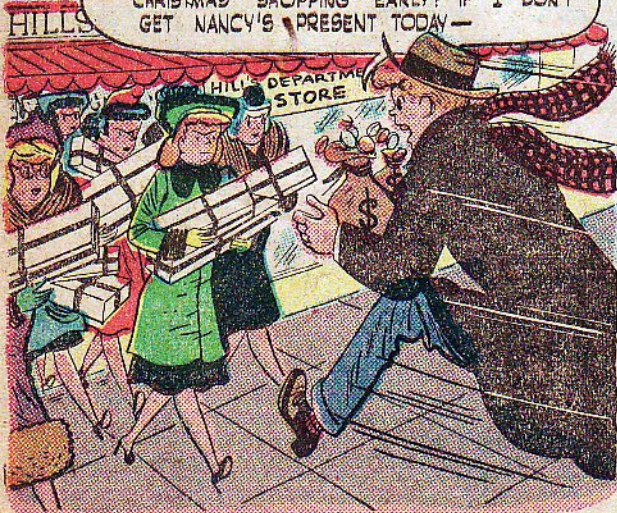
The forward wall was a blur as Jerry sped into the secondary. (Continued on last page)

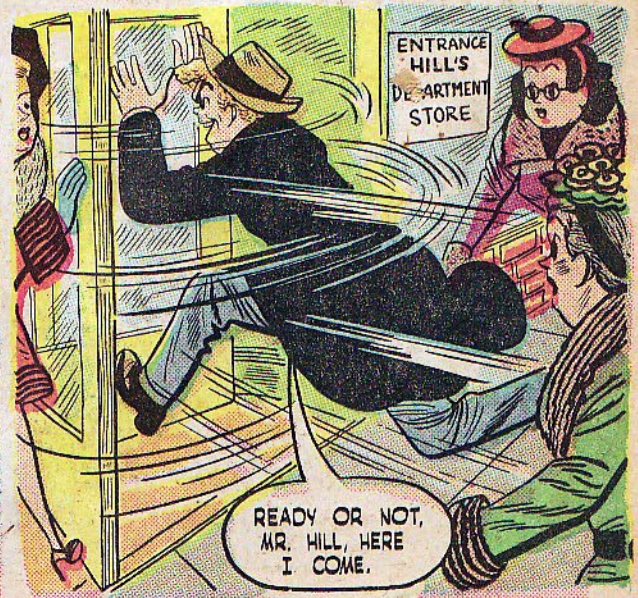
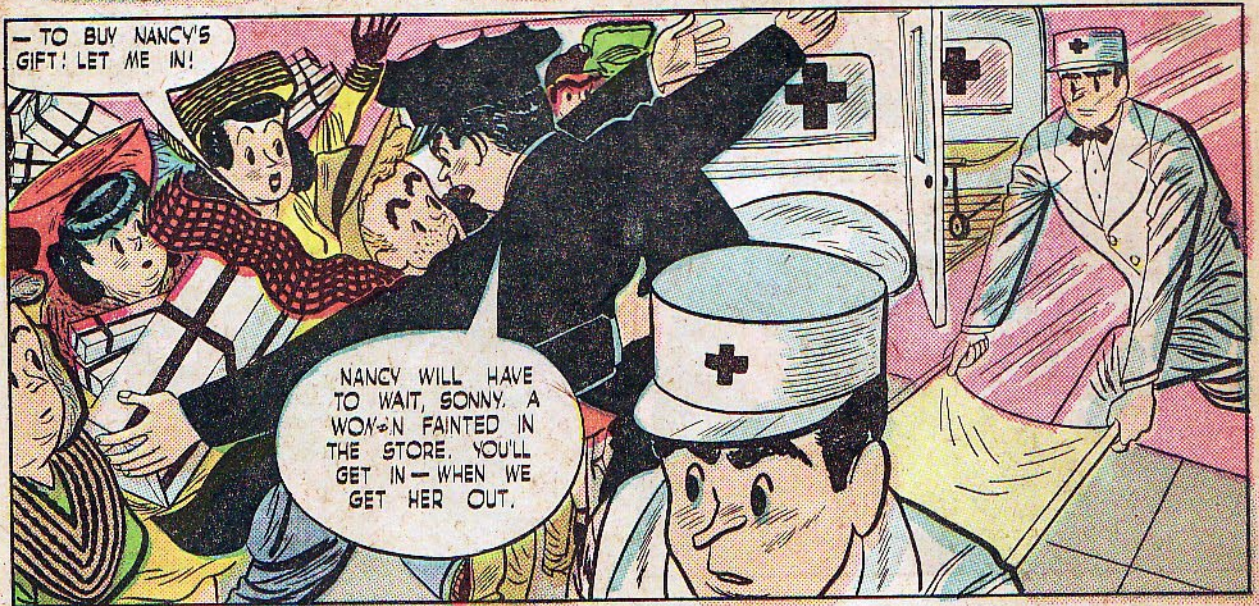
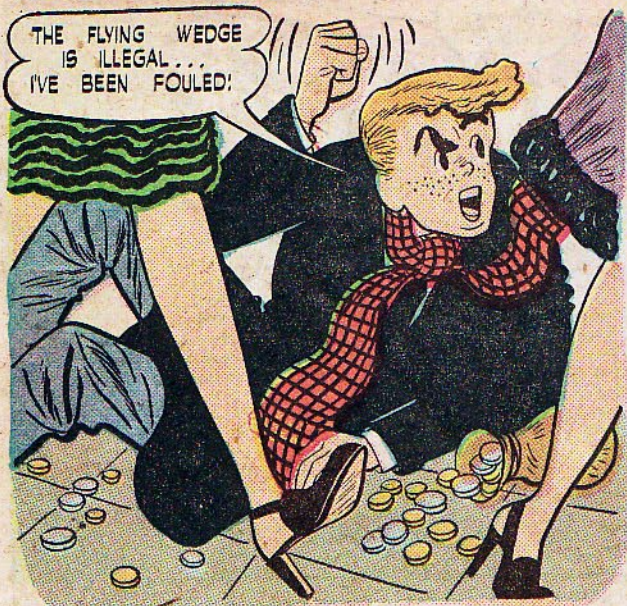
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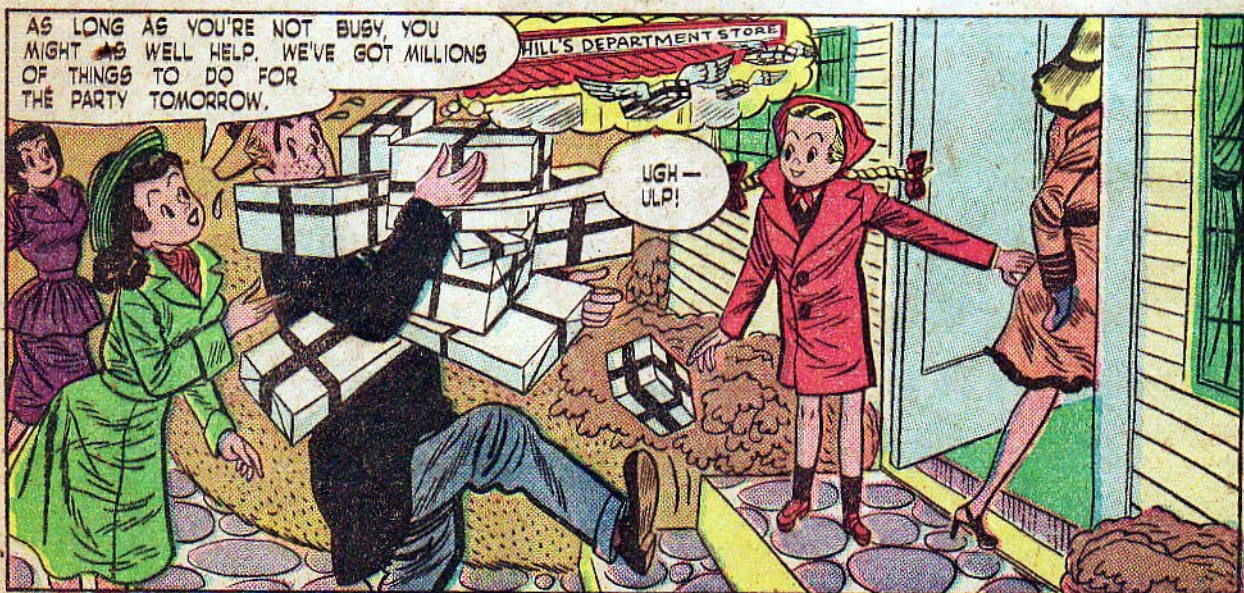
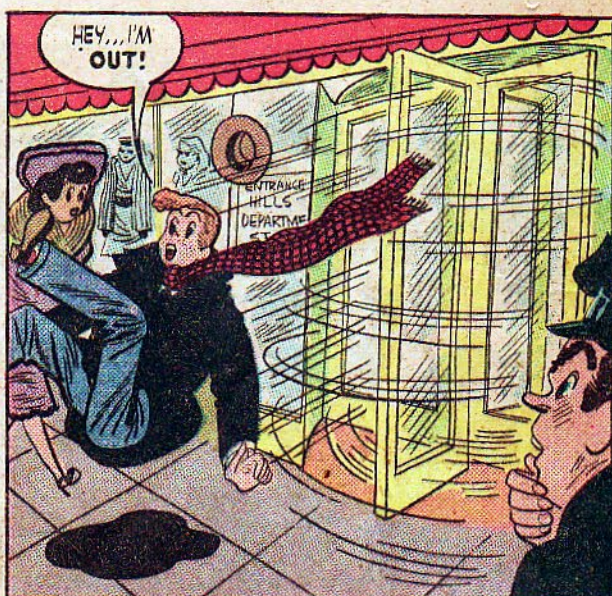
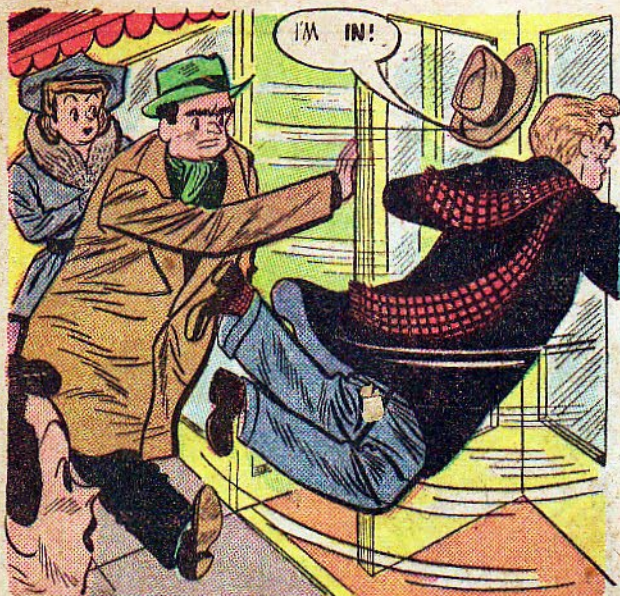


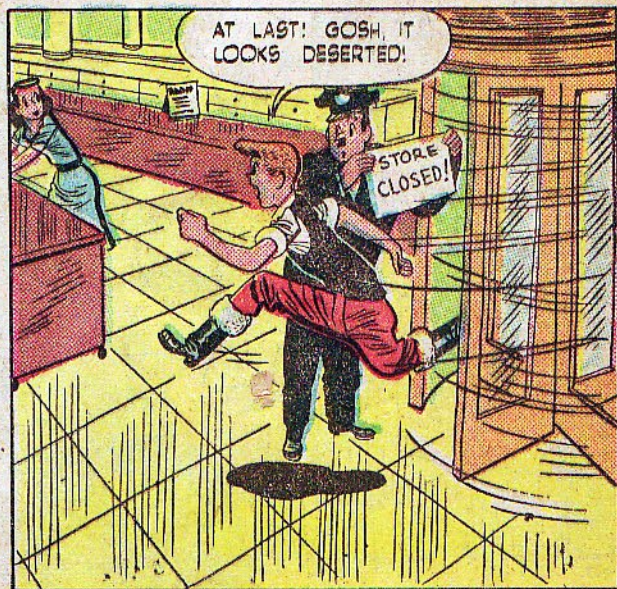
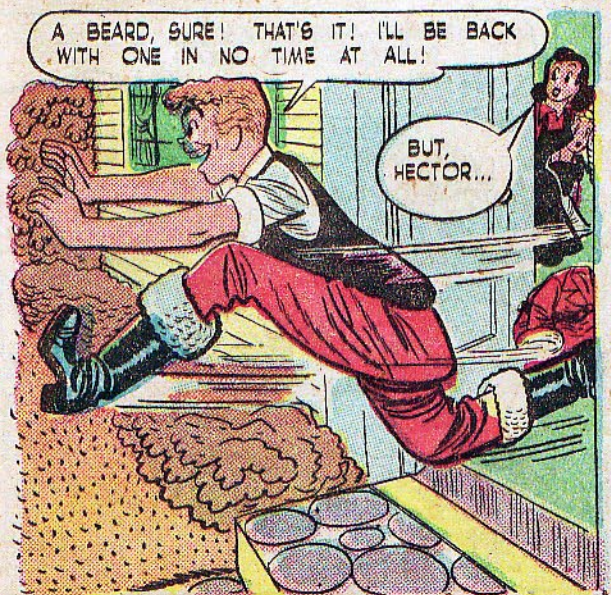
'T WAS THE FIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS' AND...

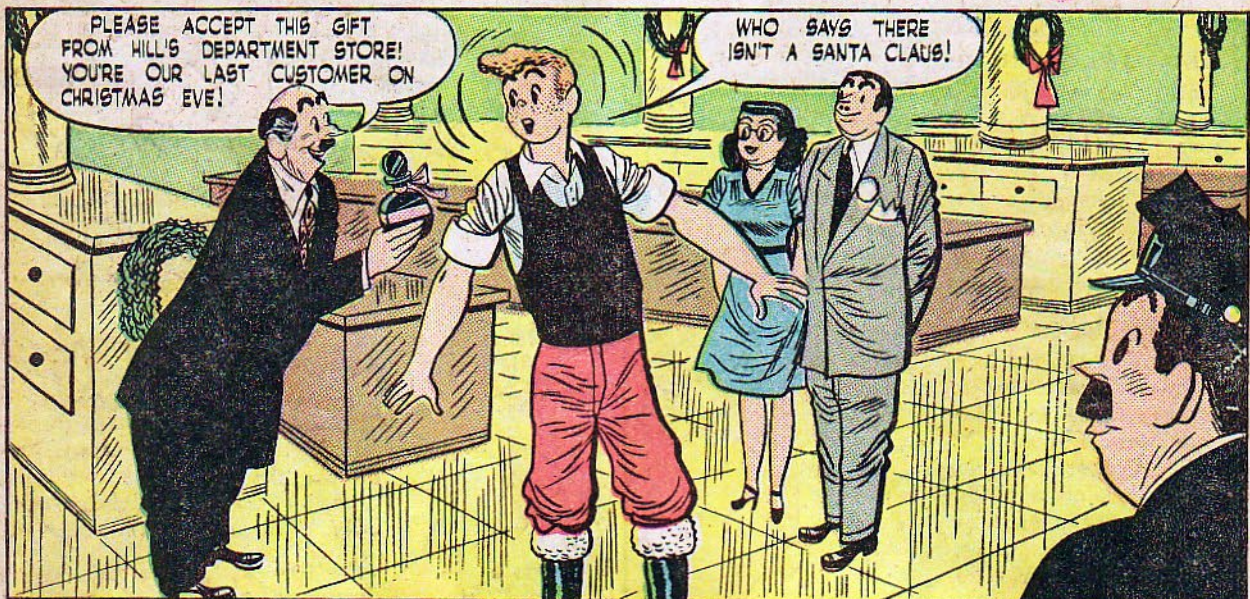
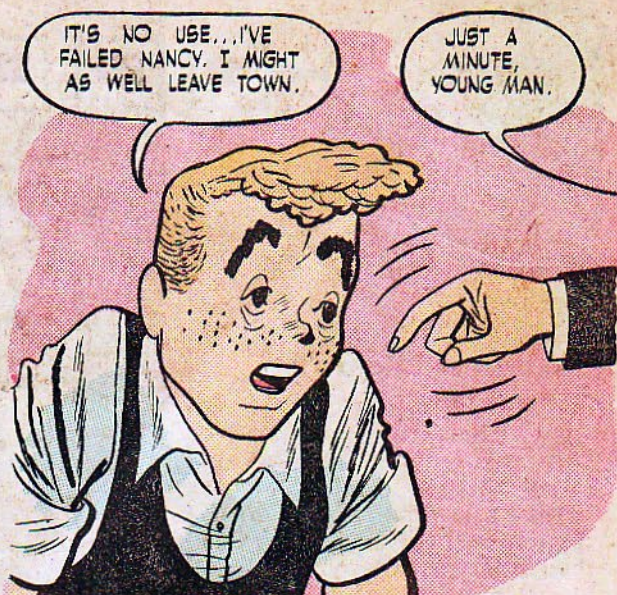
WHY CAN'T I REMEMBER TO DO MY CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY? IF I DON'T GET NANCY'S PRESENT TODAY—

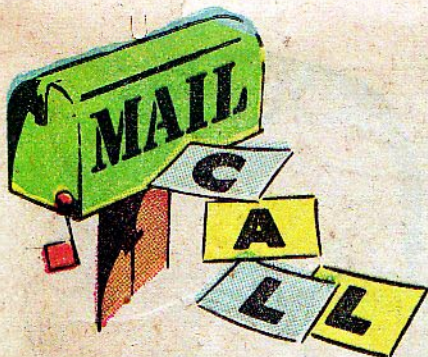












See Moose Krause's Story, John!

My friends and I like Coach's Corner very much. We always follow the tips of the famous coaches who write for the Corner. I hope you'll continue to use this feature in every issue.

John Inglehart
St. Louis, Mo.

Likes Tex Granger

The Tex Granger stories are real he-man stuff! I hope Tex goes into the movies. Or maybe we could have a whole magazine of Tex Granger adventures. How about it, Editor?

Roy Constable
Binghamton, N. Y.

Comics Library Idea

In my town, we have our own "comics library." We all take the magazines we have already read to a friend's house, and when we want another magazine he puts our names on a card. When we return that magazine, we can take home another.

Robert Black
Los Angeles, California

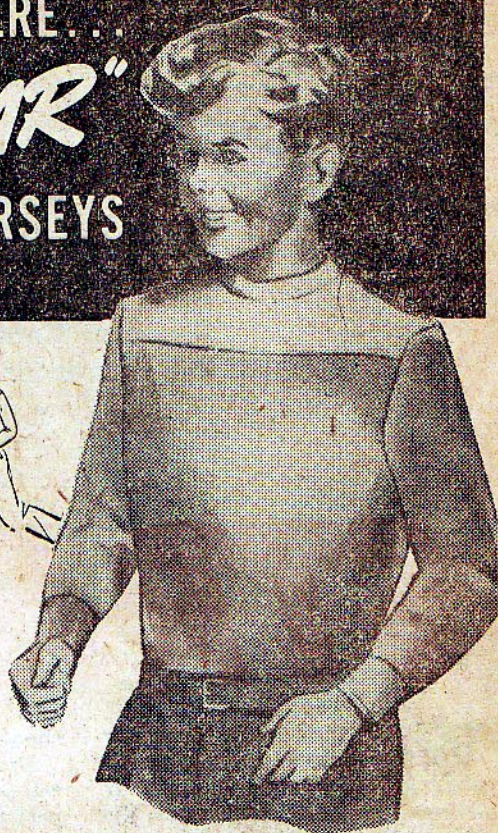
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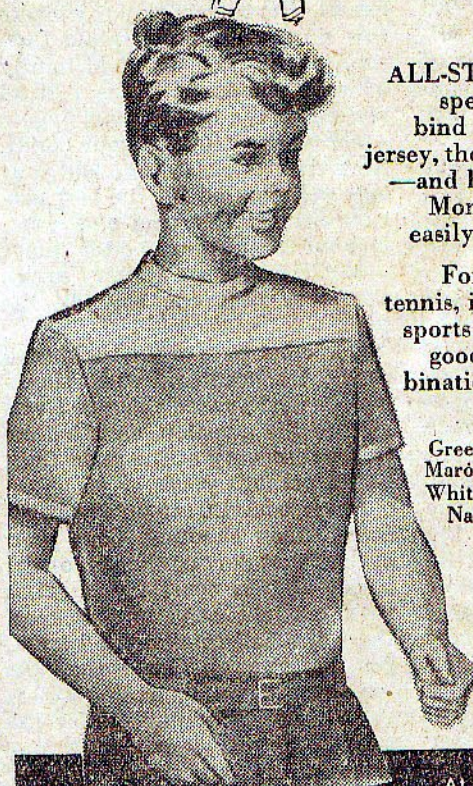


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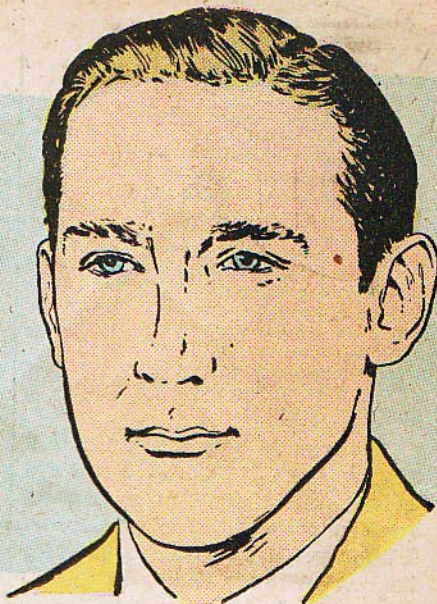
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COACH'S CORNER

By

EDWARD (MOOSE) KRAUSE

Head Coach of Basketball and
Assistant Coach of Football at
the University of Notre Dame



STRAIGHT SH

WHEN the whistle blows during these afternoons in the historic Notre Dame Gymnasium, where famous hoopsters like Nobel Kiser, Johnny Moir, Ed Nowak and Leo Klier won All-American honors as members of Irish quintets, young squad members gather around me for another practice session.

Although the beginning of our twenty-one game schedule is just a few days away, I put the Fighting Irish through strenuous drills on the fundamentals of the game, such as passing and offensive and defensive maneuvers.

Each member of the team must be expert in all these basic steps before I can hope to have a successful season. The same principle holds true for you boys who are striving for places on your junior and high school teams. No one ever becomes so proficient in the fine points of the game that he doesn't need practice. Start your training *early*—and by working hard, you will make your pre-college team and take a long step toward your place on a nationally famous five like the Fighting Irish.

We always spend the first part of the afternoon on a shooting drill. One day Frannie Curran, captain and spark plug of the 1946-'47 Notre Dame team, which won twenty games and lost four, asked me to help him perfect his

shooting.

Frannie features a two-handed set shot. It's a shot you should perfect if you want to become an expert. The correct way to execute this shot, as I told Captain Curran, is this: hold the ball lightly in your hands with the control resting on the tips of your fingers—not on the palms of your hands. Keep the ball chest-high, and your legs well-planted for the best possible balance. By trial and error, find out what is your better stance—feet together or slightly apart. Then use that one way all the time.

"On what part of the backboard should I concentrate when shooting, Coach?" asked Curran. I was glad of the question, as it led me to the discovery of his main fault—and perhaps yours.

Never concentrate on the backboard when shooting. Glue your eyes to that part of the rim of the basket that is nearest you. Then with a slight bend of the knee, shoot the ball toward the basket. But that's not all. One of the most important steps in shooting well is the "follow through." Follow the path of the ball by extending your arms after you shoot—and by keeping your eyes on the basket until the ball hits its target. "Follow through" gives your shot added accuracy and power.

After the shooting drills I di-

vide the squad into smaller groups for individual instruction in the art of defense, in which I always emphasize two points: the proper stance for guarding and "split vision"—the ability to follow the ball and at the same time to see what's going on in a larger area of the court in order to get on the defensive quickly and easily.

Here are a few tips I gave two All-American Notre Damers, Kevin O'Shea and his running mate, Leo Barnhorst. When guarding, keep your knees flexible and your legs apart. Make certain your weight is on the balls of your feet so you can quickly move laterally as well as forward. When the offensive is dribbling down the court, spread your arms and hands at your sides so you can block a pass on either side. Don't get too close to the passer, especially if he has not dribbled; it will be too easy for him to get away from you. After his dribble, close in quickly.

During every practice I stress that the defensive man should always be between his man and the basket. This holds true whether he is at the basket or in mid-court. You are his main obstacle to scoring—so always be just that!

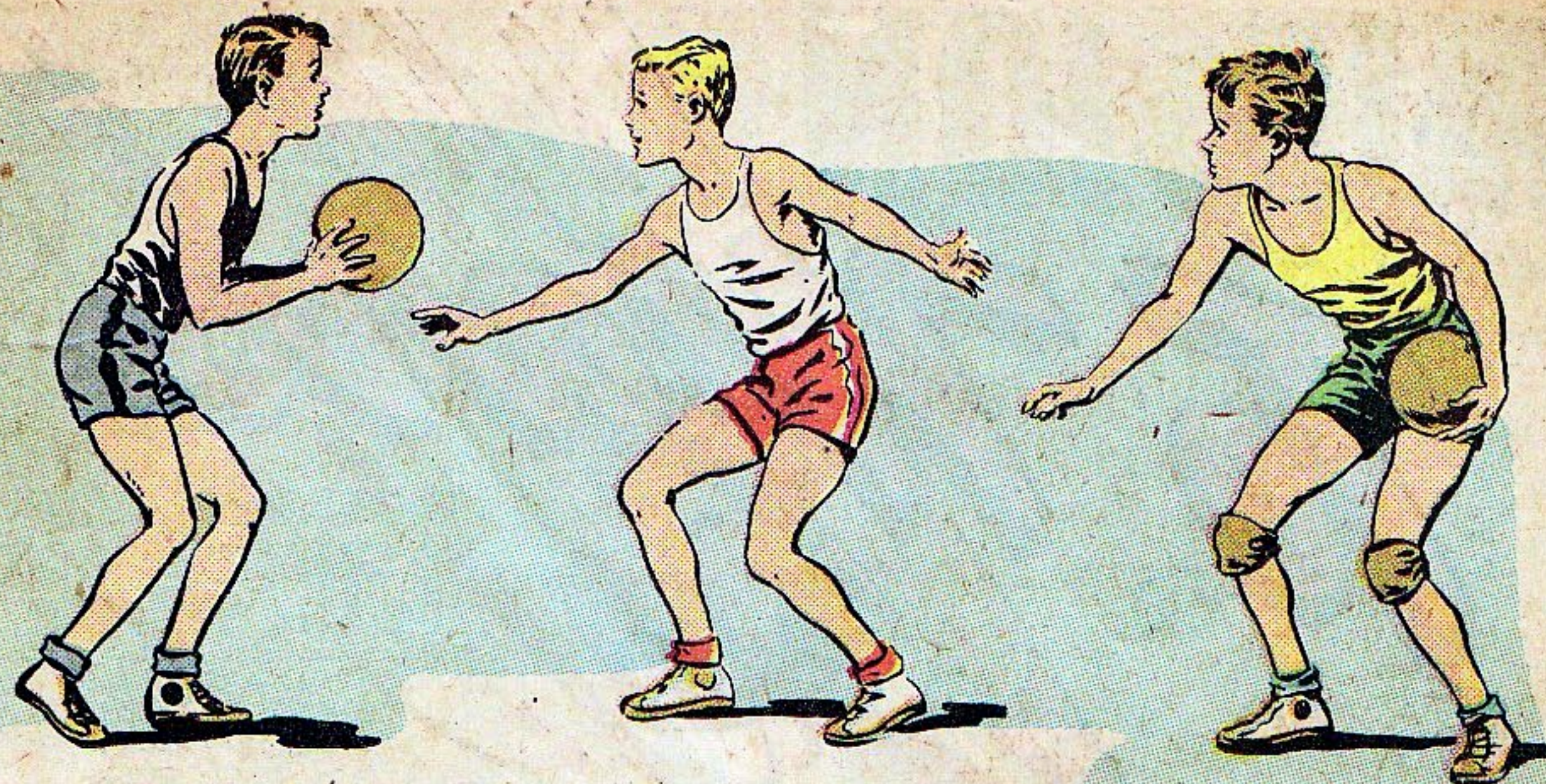
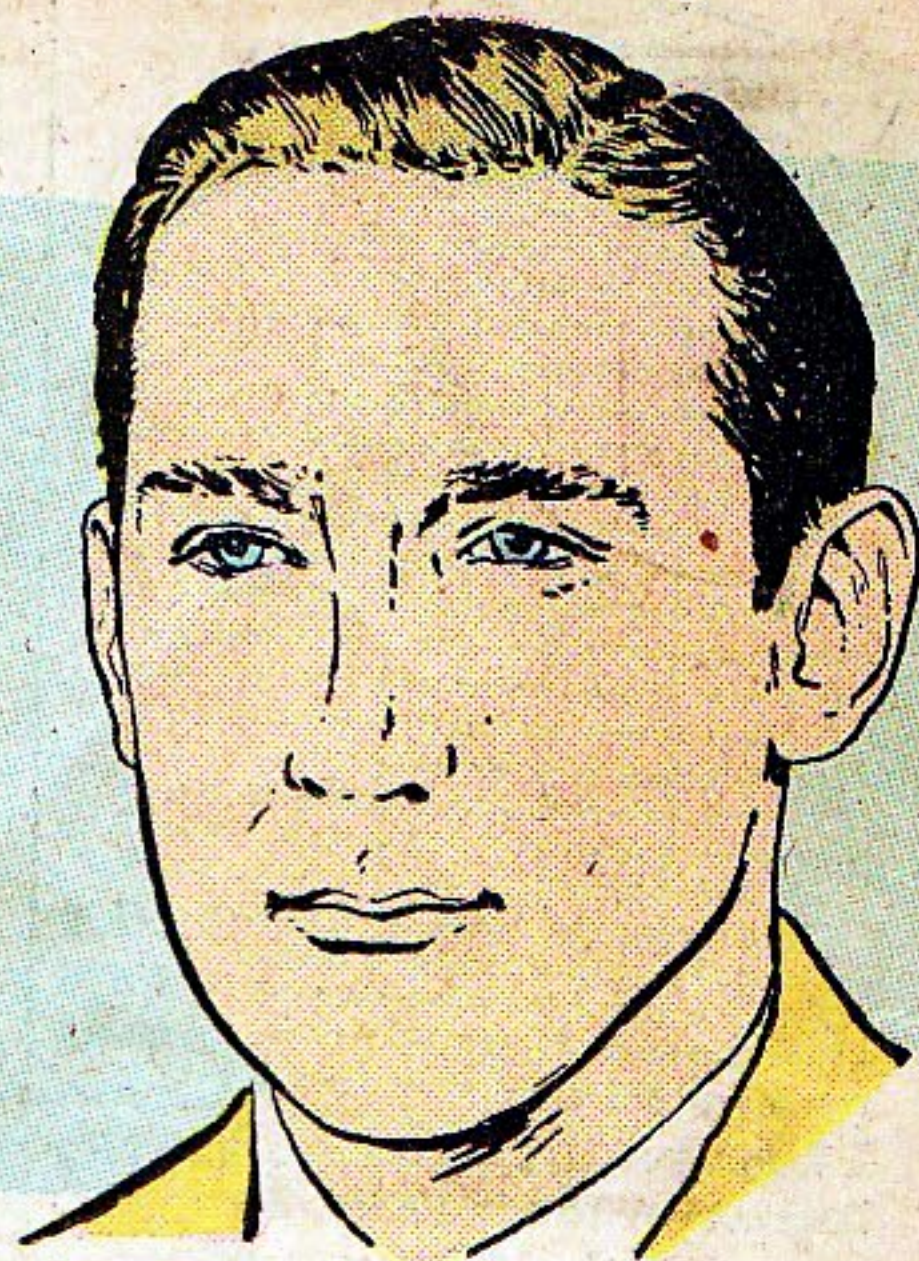
Too many basketball players think "offense" is merely getting the ball and shooting. That is only the spectacular part. Passing and

COACH'S CORNER

By

EDWARD (MOOSE) KRAUSE

Head Coach of Basketball and
Assistant Coach of Football at
the University of Notre Dame



STRAIGHT SHOOTERS!

WHEN the whistle blows during these afternoons in the historic Notre Dame Gymnasium, where famous hoopsters like Nobel Kiser, Johnny Moir, Ed Nowak and Leo Klier won All-American honors as members of Irish quintets, young squad members gather around me for another practice session.

Although the beginning of our twenty-one game schedule is just a few days away, I put the Fighting Irish through strenuous drills on the fundamentals of the game, such as passing and offensive and defensive maneuvers.

Each member of the team must be expert in all these basic steps before I can hope to have a successful season. The same principle holds true for you boys who are striving for places on your junior and high school teams. No one ever becomes so proficient in the fine points of the game that he doesn't need practice. Start your training *early*—and by working hard, you will make your pre-college team and take a long step toward your place on a nationally famous five like the Fighting Irish.

We always spend the first part of the afternoon on a shooting drill. One day Frannie Curran, captain and spark plug of the 1946-'47 Notre Dame team, which won twenty games and lost four, asked me to help him perfect his

shooting.

Frannie features a two-handed set shot. It's a shot you should perfect if you want to become an expert. The correct way to execute this shot, as I told Captain Curran, is this: hold the ball lightly in your hands with the control resting on the tips of your fingers—not on the palms of your hands. Keep the ball chest-high, and your legs well-planted for the best possible balance. By trial and error, find out what is your better stance—feet together or slightly apart. Then use that one way all the time.

"On what part of the backboard should I concentrate when shooting, Coach?" asked Curran. I was glad of the question, as it led me to the discovery of his main fault—and perhaps yours.

Never concentrate on the backboard when shooting. Glue your eyes to that part of the rim of the basket that is nearest you. Then with a slight bend of the knee, shoot the ball toward the basket. But that's not all. One of the most important steps in shooting well is the "follow through." Follow the path of the ball by extending your arms after you shoot—and by keeping your eyes on the basket until the ball hits its target. "Follow through" gives your shot added accuracy and power.

After the shooting drills I di-

vide the squad into smaller groups for individual instruction in the art of defense, in which I always emphasize two points: the proper stance for guarding and "split vision"—the ability to follow the ball and at the same time to see what's going on in a larger area of the court in order to get on the defensive quickly and easily.

Here are a few tips I gave two All-American Notre Dames, Kevin O'Shea and his running mate, Leo Barnhorst. When guarding, keep your knees flexible and your legs apart. Make certain your weight is on the balls of your feet so you can quickly move laterally as well as forward. When the offensive is dribbling down the court, spread your arms and hands at your sides so you can block a pass on either side. Don't get too close to the passer, especially if he has not dribbled; it will be too easy for him to get away from you. After his dribble, close in quickly.

During every practice I stress that the defensive man should always be between his man and the basket. This holds true whether he is at the basket or in mid-court. You are his main obstacle to scoring—so always be just that!

Too many basketball players think "offense" is merely getting the ball and shooting. That is only the spectacular part. Passing and

dribbling are equally important.

Most boys on first reporting at a Notre Dame practice use only the two-handed push pass. I teach them that a good offensive player is adept at the two-handed underhand, the two-handed overhand, the one-handed underhand and the one-handed overhand or hook pass. Try them yourself—they're easy to do after a little work.

In passing, as in shooting, the control of the ball is on the tips of the fingers. Most passes rely heavily on the snap of the wrist for speed. Long passes are a thing of the past, so perfect the control of your short ones. Here "split vision" is very valuable; using it, you can pass to a team member without actually looking at him. "Blind" passes have set up many game-winning shots for Fighting Irish teams.

The importance of controlling the ball with the tips of the fingers is again evident in dribbling. Leo Klier, when he first reported for practice, had the bad habit of dribbling with the palm of his hand. When this fault was corrected, he became one of the best ball-handlers I ever saw, and later went on to become an All-American at Notre Dame.

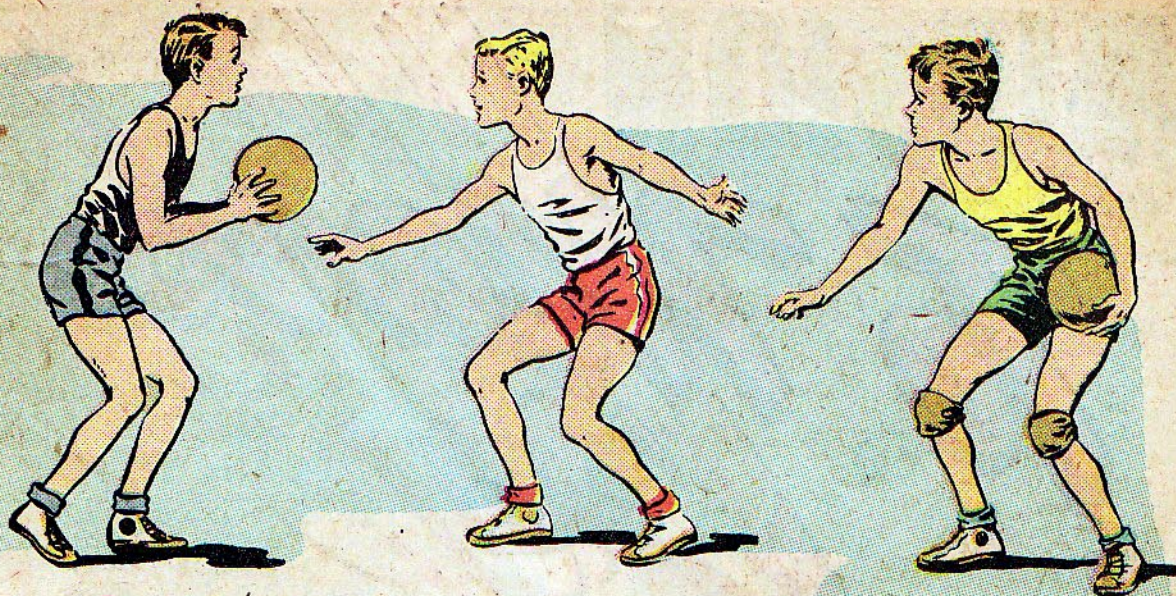
Finally, as an offensive player you should learn to run, dribble, pass, and shoot with a "change of pace" motion. An offensive player

who moves at an even pace is, too easily guarded. Therefore we at Notre Dame train our men to run in a manner similar to that of a football halfback . . . that is, to change direction quickly, pivot, turn, and spin as fast as possible without losing stride. In this manner it is easy to "fake" your defensive man and gain the necessary step to break under and score.

Scrimmages between two picked teams among squad members conclude every practice session at Notre Dame. In this play all fundamentals are molded into team play as integral parts of a well-oiled machine.

If you, as a team member, neglect the fundamentals of the game, your team will be only mediocre, but if you have the fortitude and perseverance to master them, some day you ought to be playing with a topnotch team like—yes, Notre Dame!





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MISSION

To Mars

**BIGBRAIN BILLY-
THE SMARTEST BOY
IN THE WORLD**

SPINNING THE ADVENTURE DIAL WHICH CONNECTS THE RADIO OF HIS ROCKET SHIP WITH SIGNALS FROM OUTER SPACE, BILLY INTERCEPTS AN S.O.S. FROM AN EXPEDITION OF EARTHMEN TO THE PLANET MARS...

S.O.S.! RUSH NEW SUPPLY OF FEVER SERUM TO THE PLANET MARS! TWO SCIENTISTS STRICKEN! S.O.S.!

ANOTHER S.O.S.!

MEANWHILE, ON MARS...

IT'S LIKE SOME FANTASTIC NIGHTMARE! AN INVISIBLE BEAST THAT LEAVES FOOTPRINTS AND EATS GLASS—

FANTASTIC—BUT THE CREATURE WAS REAL ENOUGH TO MAKE OFF WITH OUR MEDICAL SUPPLIES!

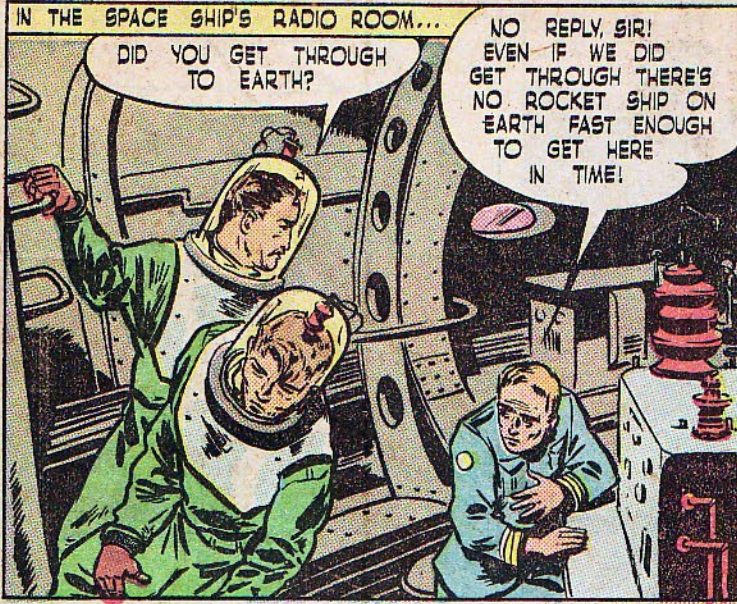
WE COULDN'T BE IN A MORE DESPERATE SPOT! WE CAN'T FIGHT MARTIAN FEVER WITHOUT DRUGS! JIM! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

I'VE GOT A CHILL! C-CAN'T SEEM TO STOP SHAKING!

IN THE SPACE SHIP'S RADIO ROOM...

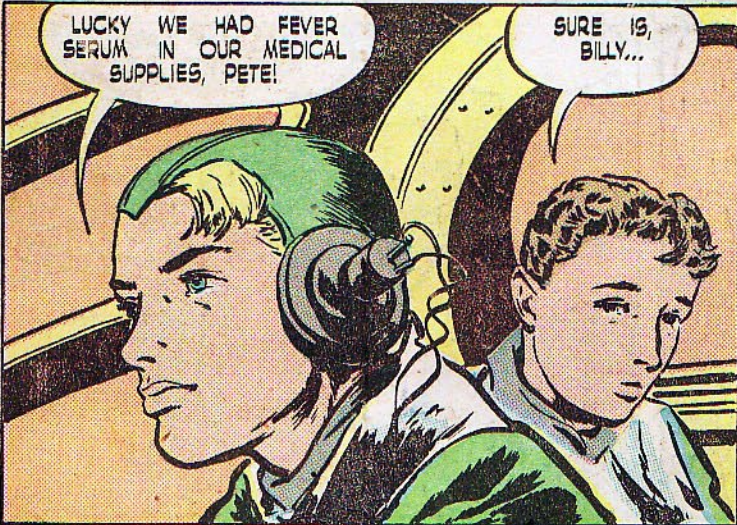
DID YOU GET THROUGH
TO EARTH?

NO REPLY, SIR!
EVEN IF WE DID
GET THROUGH THERE'S
NO ROCKET SHIP ON
EARTH FAST ENOUGH
TO GET HERE
IN TIME!

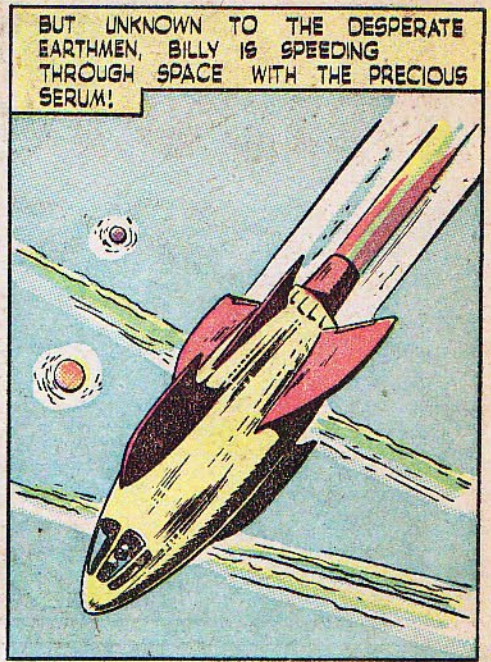


LUCKY WE HAD FEVER
SERUM IN OUR MEDICAL
SUPPLIES, PETE!

SURE IS,
BILLY...



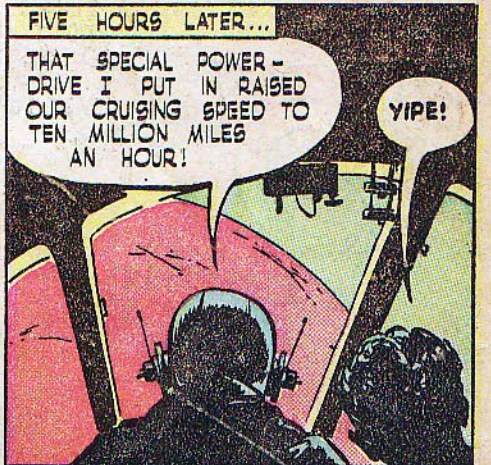
BUT UNKNOWN TO THE DESPERATE
EARTHMEN, BILLY IS SPEEDING
THROUGH SPACE WITH THE PRECIOUS
SERUM!



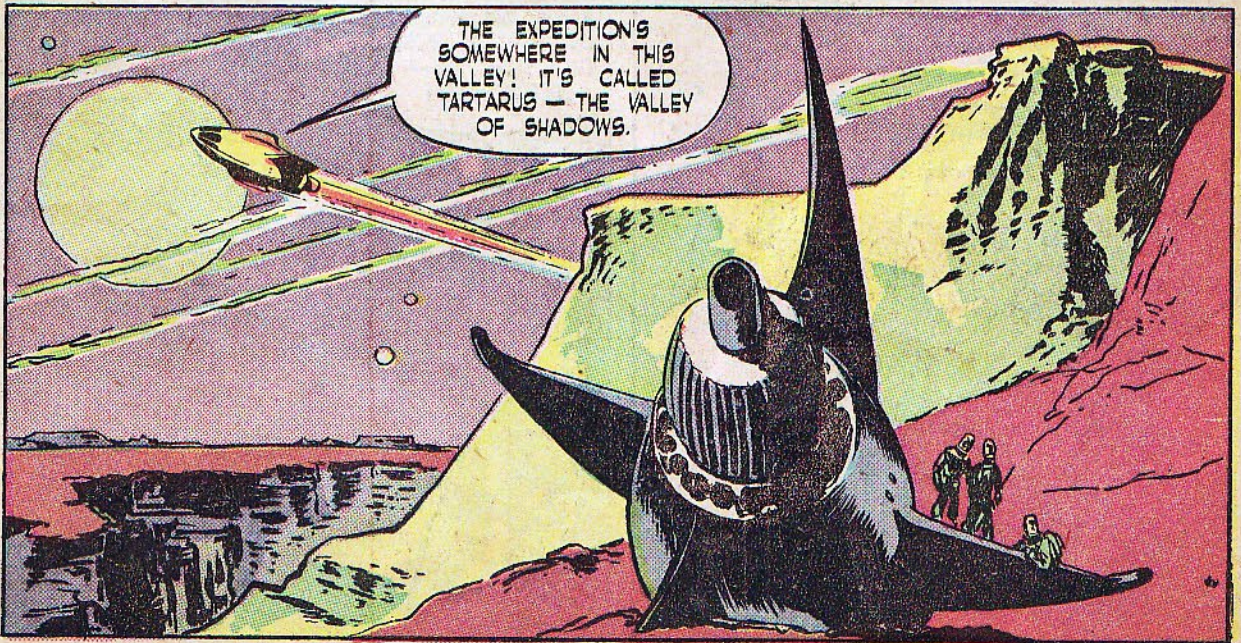
FIVE HOURS LATER...

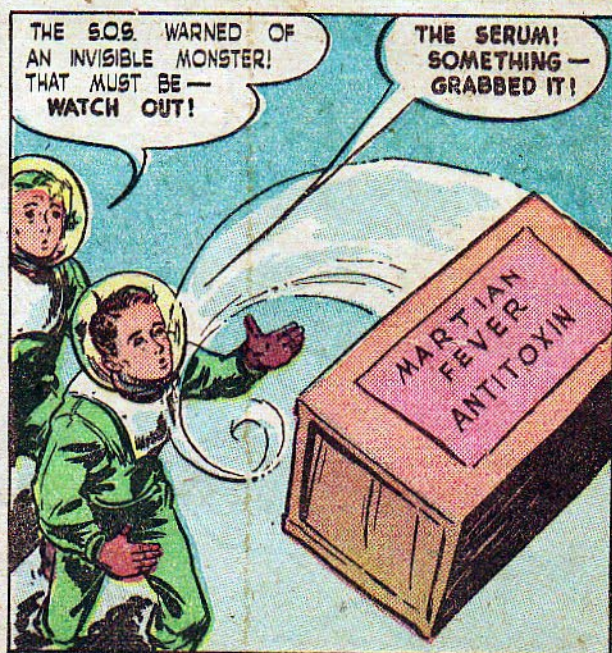
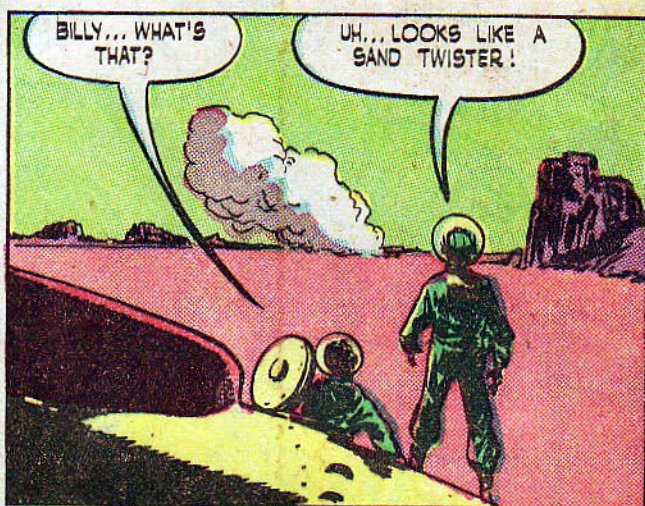
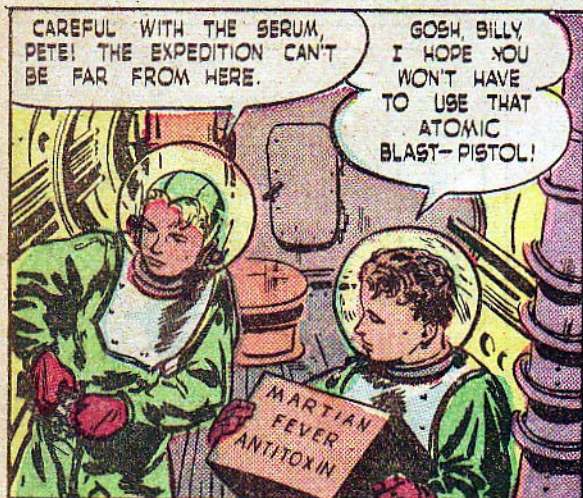
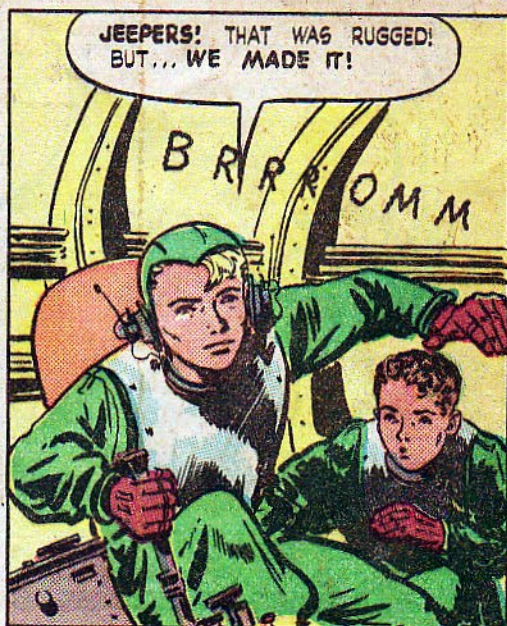
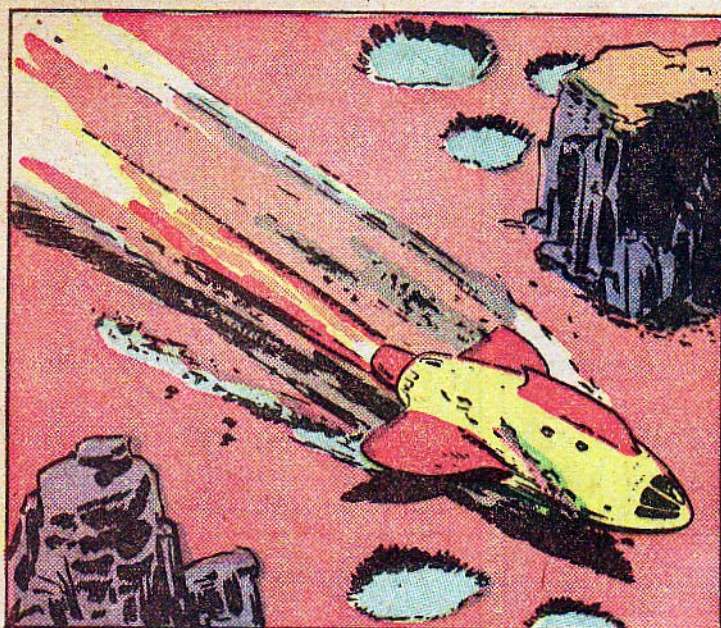
THAT SPECIAL POWER -
DRIVE I PUT IN RAISED
OUR CRUISING SPEED TO
TEN MILLION MILES
AN HOUR!

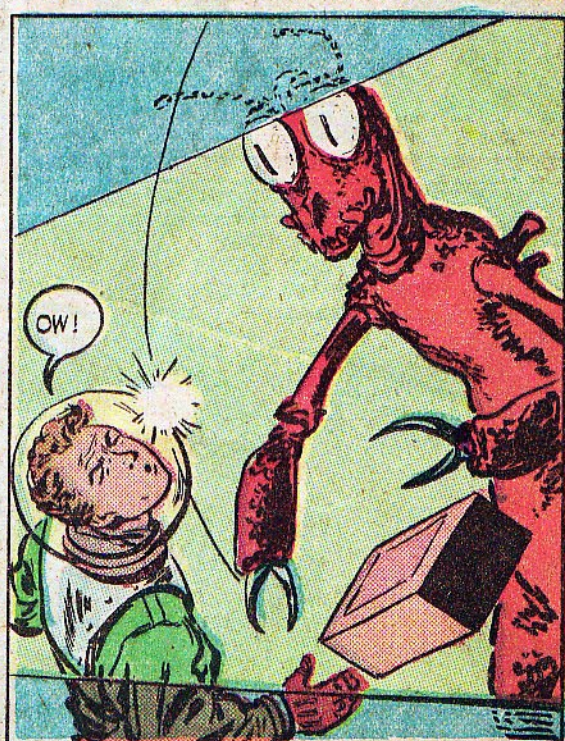
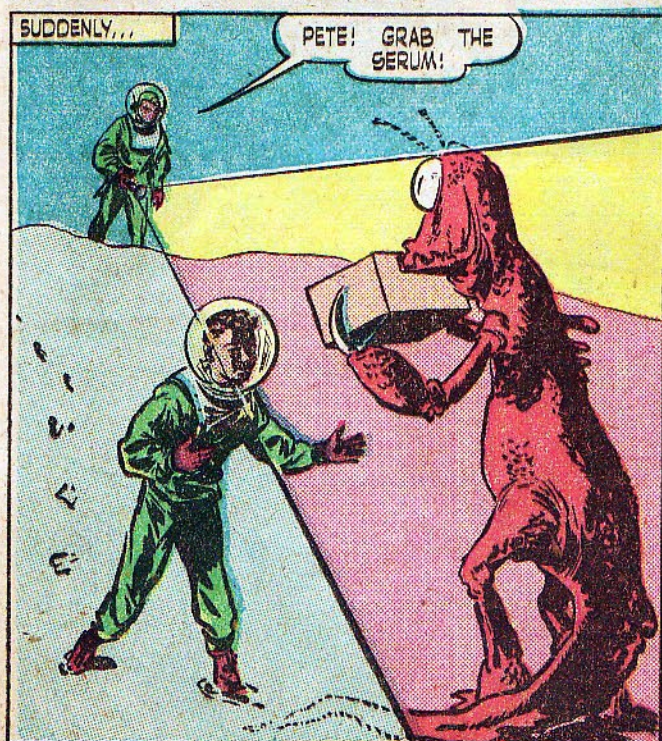
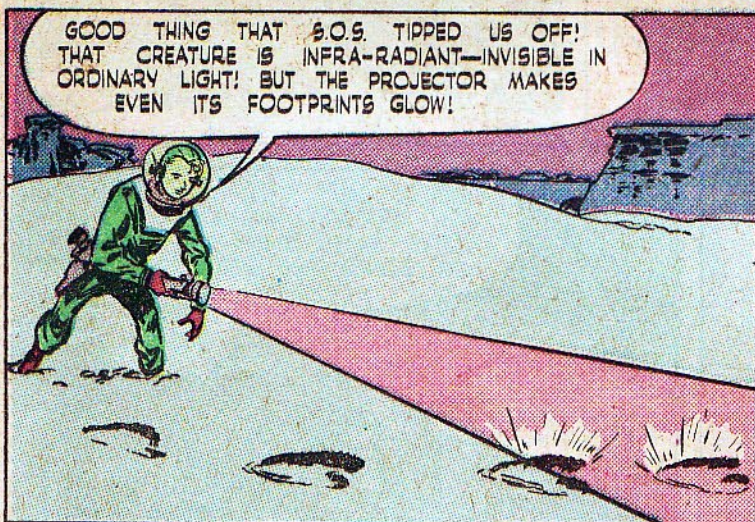
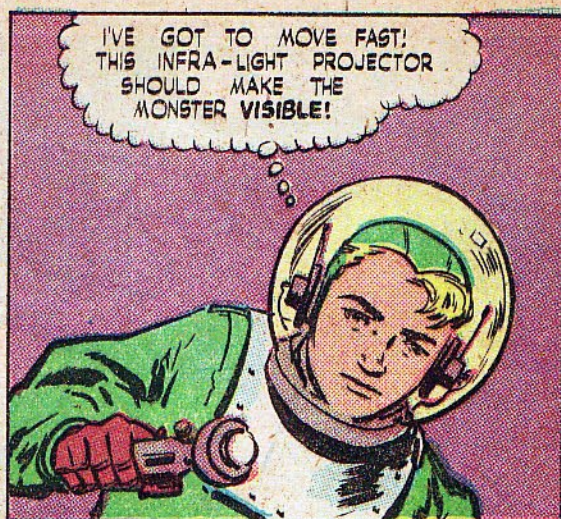
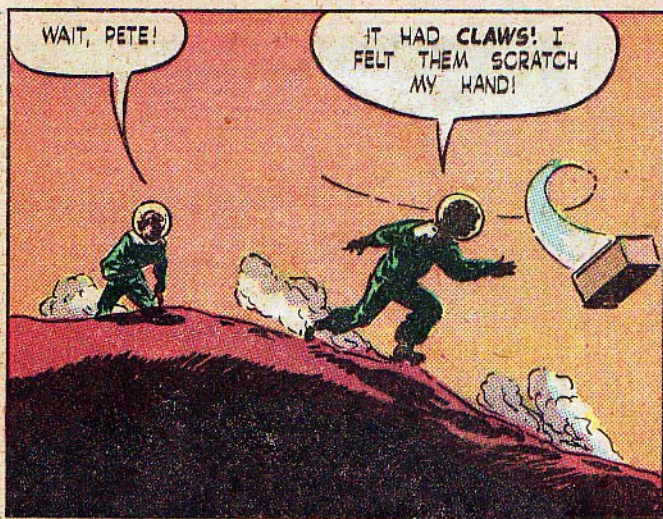
YIPE!

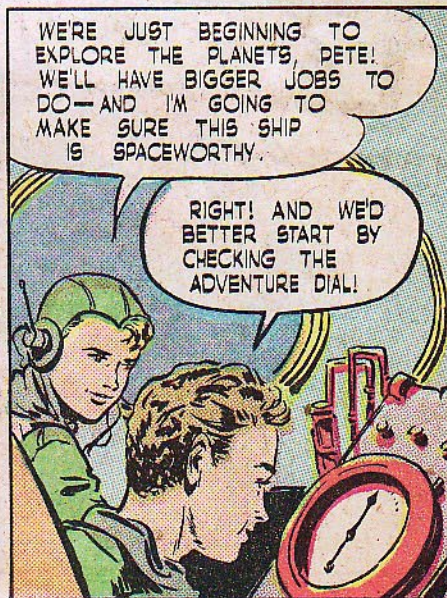
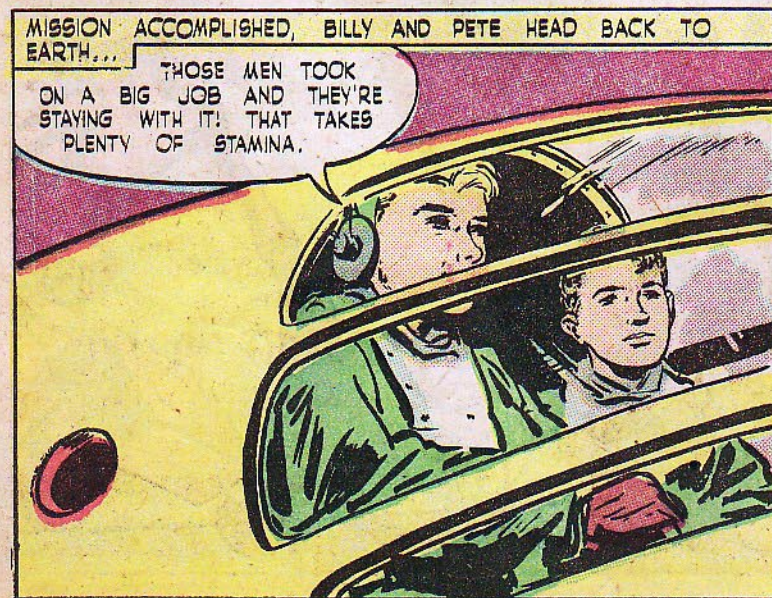
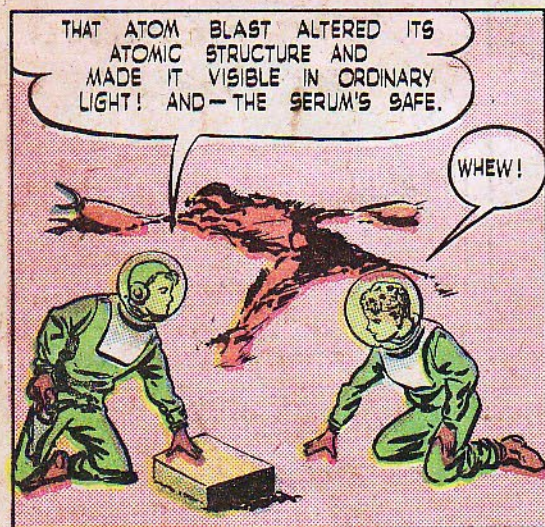
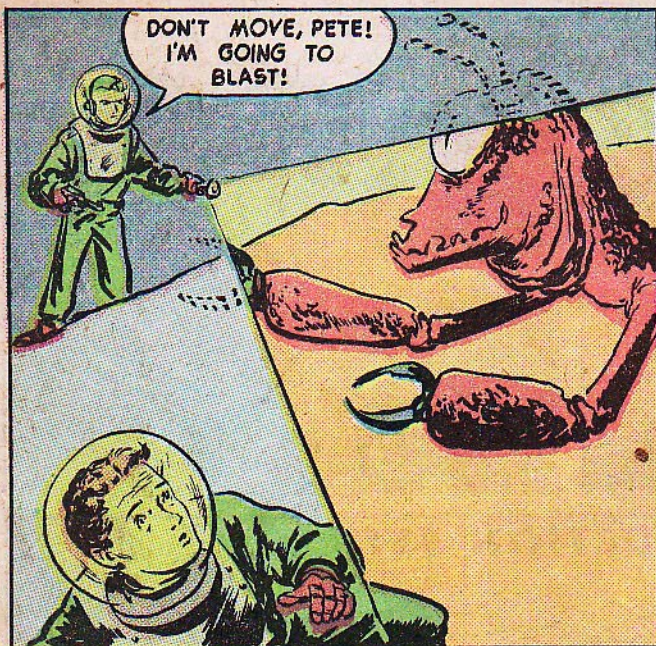


THE EXPEDITION'S
SOMEWHERE IN THIS
VALLEY! IT'S CALLED
TARTARUS - THE VALLEY
OF SHADOWS.









Hours of FUN...

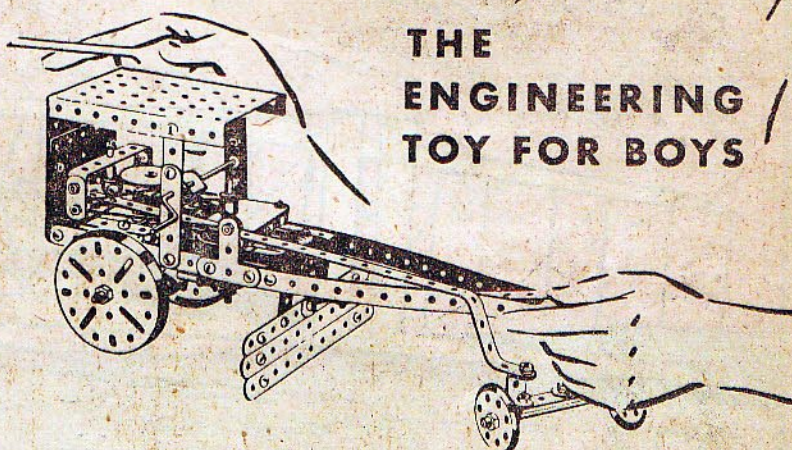
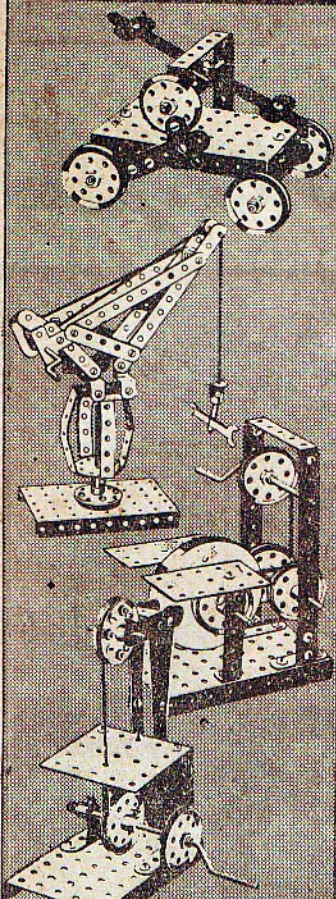
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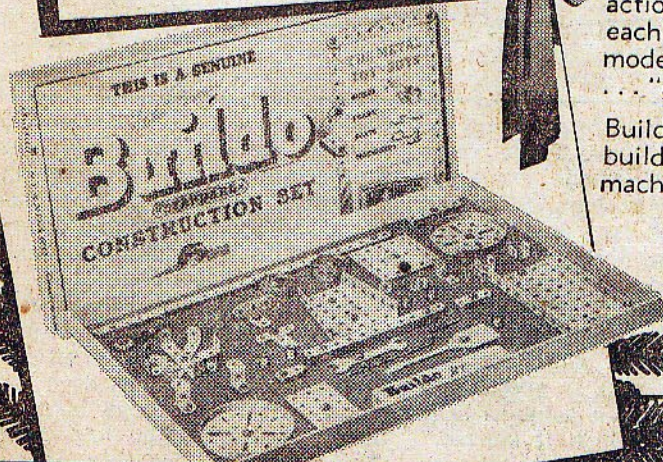
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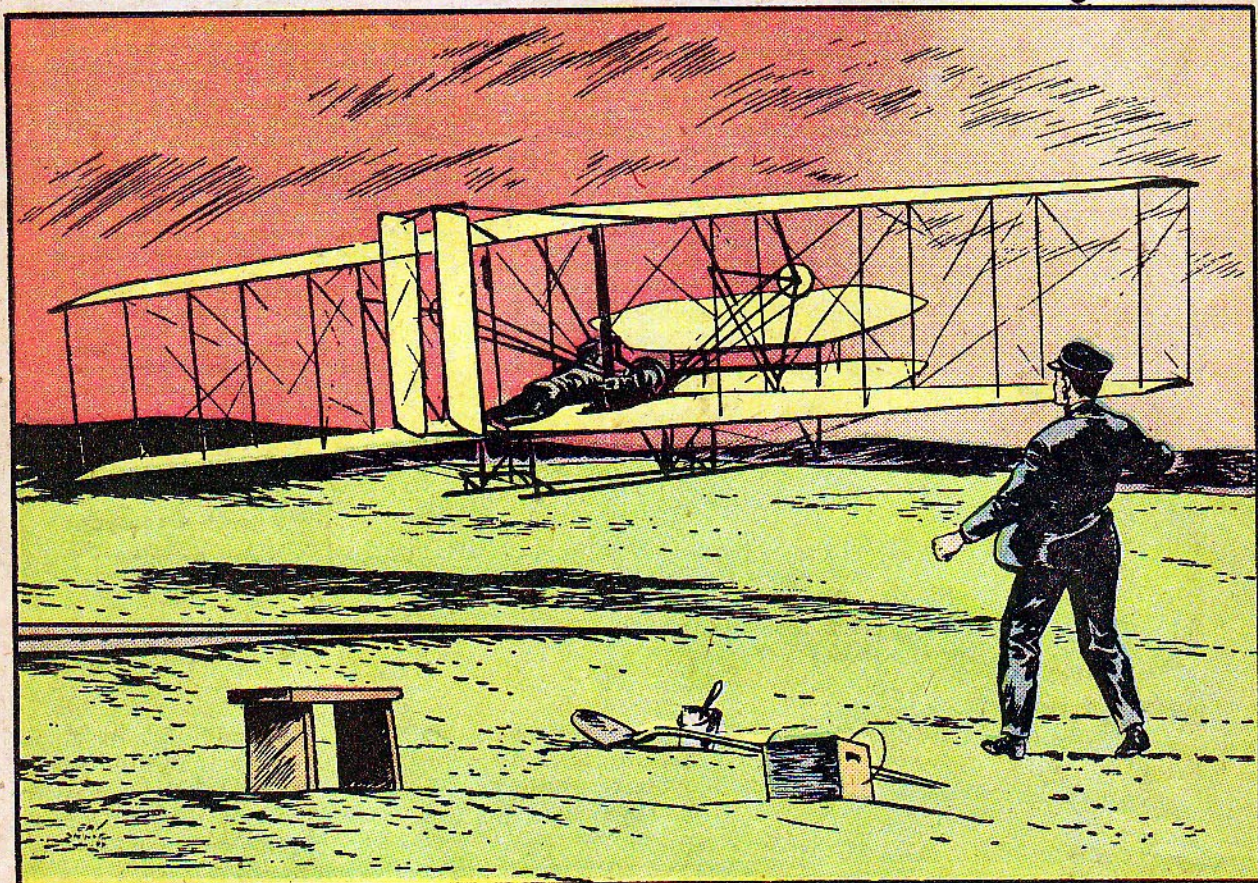
Are you interested in science as a career? Then rate yourself on this quiz before reading

Science Scale

(Allow one point as a minimum rating and five as a maximum for each of the following traits essential to work in science. You've got what it takes if your total comes to thirty or more.)

1. Do you want to know what makes things tick?
2. Do you want to prove things for yourself?
3. Do you refuse to give up easily?
4. Do you catch on to things quickly?
5. Are you neat and exact?
6. Are you patient with detail?
7. Are you imaginative?
8. Are you skillful with your hands?
9. Are you tolerant of the other fellow's ideas?
10. Are you interested in science outside of school?

Science belongs



IF we could fly like that," mused sixteen-year-old Wilbur Wright, as he and his younger brother Orville watched their homemade kite soar in the air.

This was in 1884 in the town of Millville, Indiana. There were no airplanes then. If a B-29 had flown overhead, the two brothers would have thought the world was coming to an end.

The idea of flying had captured their imagination just as it has that of many others as far back as the ancient Greeks, as proven by their tale of Icarus and Daeda-

lus and their ill-fated wings of feathers and wax. Three years after the kite episode, while operating a bicycle shop, Wilbur and Orville started experimental work on a flying machine. The rest is history, for on December 17, 1903, at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, their plane "raised itself into the air in full flight, sailed forward without reduction in speed, and finally landed at a point as high as that from which it started." This was the first airplane to carry a man.

Many of the most brilliant

flashes on the horizon of scientific advance started as the Wright brothers did—as teen-agers with curiosity, high-flying imaginations, and the courage and determination to work hard to make their dreams come true.

It is highly probable that many of you boys have become interested in certain phases of science that can lead to a fine, even famous, career. All boys love to tinker, putter with, and mix things. You've probably taken apart your quota of watches, radios, and vacuum cleaners. (We

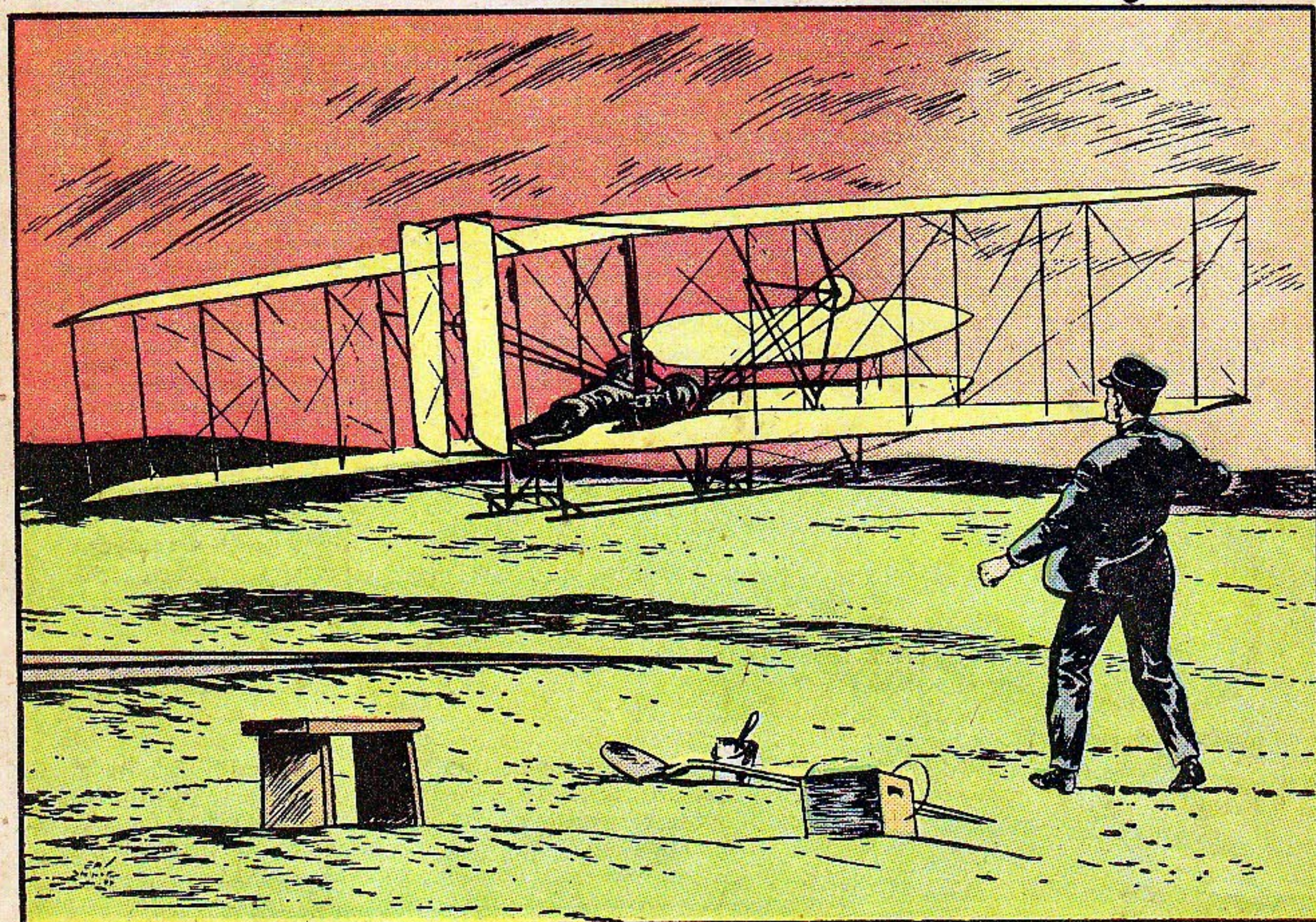
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hope you've put them together again!)

If you will look at the long list of scientists in whose steps you may already be following, you will see that *you* are not too young to start your own scientific career.

Here are a few more examples, just in case you are not convinced. Elizabeth Kenny, in Australia, watched her sickly brother as he listlessly moved about the house. She tried desperately to think of something that might inspire him to improve his attitude and in that way, perhaps, his physical condition. One day the idea occurred to her to build a mechanical man of wood, pulleys, and string, which would imitate the movements of the human body. Fascinated by this puppet, William began to imitate it, and soon his interest in life and, consequently, his strength, were renewed. This amateur study of human muscular action proved to be the beginning of Elizabeth Kenny's life work. Today we know her as Sister Kenny, whose revolutionary treatment in cases of infantile paralysis lays claim to saving thousands from becoming permanently crippled.

At sixteen, Albert Einstein was working out complicated formulas and problems. When he couldn't find out from his teachers or his books the things he wanted to know, he tried to find his own solutions by reasoning and experiment. Today he is recognized as one of the world's greatest scientists as a result of his theory of relativity.

William Perkin of England heard his chemistry teacher say that it should be possible to make synthetic quinine from coal tar. With all the boldness of youth, he tried to do it. He never did—but he did make aniline purple, the first of thousands of brilliant permanent dyes, the very foundation of the aniline dye industry.

At five o'clock on a winter morning in a farmhouse in Sweden, an eleven-year-old boy lay fast asleep. Suddenly, as the clock struck the hour, the window silently and mysteriously shut, the burner under the coffee pot lit, and the stove began to glow. Exactly fifteen minutes later the boy woke up in a warm cozy room filled with the odor of boiling coffee.

The boy was Gustaf Galen. By means of a complicated mechanical arrangement attached to his

clock, he had managed to make waking up a very comfortable experience.

If anyone at that time had told his relatives and his neighbors that Gus would one day win the Nobel Prize in physics, they would have been very much surprised. Yet that is exactly what he did. Gustaf Dalen is best remembered today as the inventor of the Dalen Beacon, which automatically kindles a light when twilight sets in, and then extinguishes it at daybreak. Thus another boy's interest in science and mechanical contraptions led straight on to an invention that has saved thousands of lives.

And here is something that ought to convince you! Jordan B. Bierman, a New York boy, received a patent for a clothesrack from the United States Patent Office in 1937—at the age of eight. It is claimed that he is the youngest in this country ever to have received a patent.

Develop your inclination towards the sciences; find out what makes things tick. Don't hesitate to ask your teachers how and why. If they don't know, try to find out on your own—like Einstein!

Be on the lookout for better and more efficient ways of doing things. The son of George Westinghouse was told to cut up some pipe—a job that took a grown man several days to accomplish. George devised a multiple saw, and the job was finished in one day.

Learn to be on familiar terms with tools—and don't wait until your uncle or somebody buys an expensive set for you. A high-school boy in Kansas City needed an arc light for time exposure in microscopic photography; with some old dry cell batteries and odds and ends of household equipment, he made his own light.

There are many phases of science to which you can turn your attention: mineralogy, meteorology, biology, chemistry. Each is teeming with problems awaiting solution, and there's adventure in every one. Concentrate on that branch of science that most interests you, and stick to it; otherwise you will be just "dabbling." You'll have to work hard, but it will be worth the effort.

Above all, don't let anyone fool you into believing that science is only for graybeards. Science is for youth!

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WHAT SINISTER SECRETS LURKED in the SHADOWS of THUNDERBOLT HOUSE?

What grim fate awaited its new occupants? What was behind the bloodstain on the ballroom floor? Were the "lucky" Allens really lucky, or were they all destined to inherit doom as well as fortune?

Every Book a Winner

THUNDERBOLT HOUSE

by Howard Pease

A huge, bleak mansion with a past as ominous as the eerie cry of a banshee is the setting for a gripping tale packed with suspense.

It thrillingly describes the actions of a brave 16 year old who defied the fates to solve a bewildering mystery.

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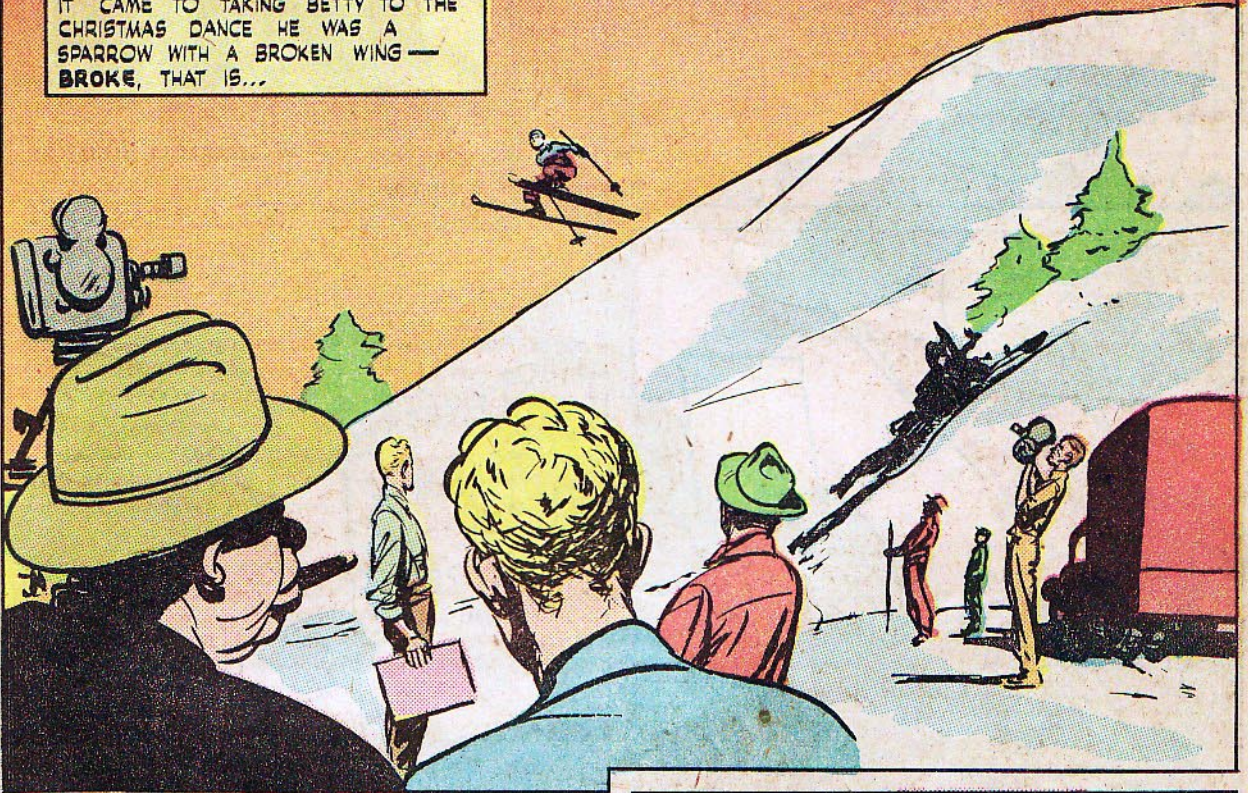
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STREAKY SMITH

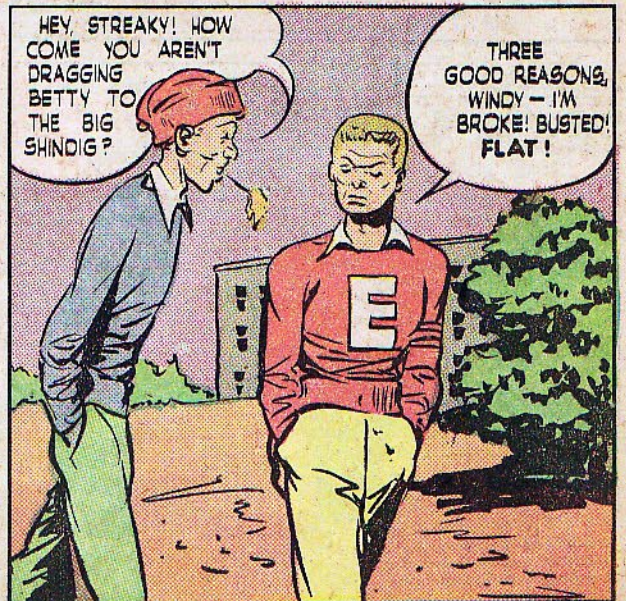
OF ESSEX HIGH

STREAKY SMITH COULD SOAR THROUGH THE AIR WITH THE GRACE OF AN EAGLE, BUT WHEN IT CAME TO TAKING BETTY TO THE CHRISTMAS DANCE HE WAS A SPARROW WITH A BROKEN WING — BROKE, THAT IS...



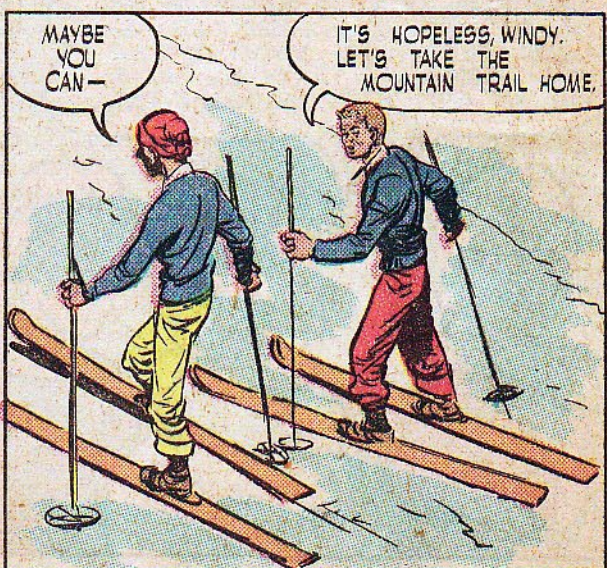
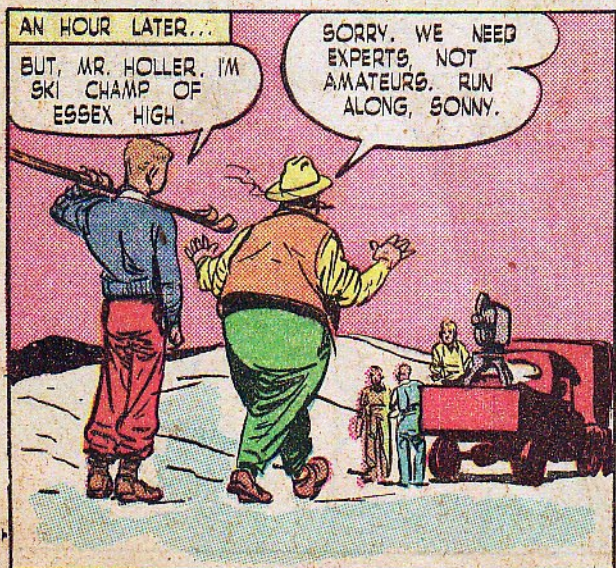
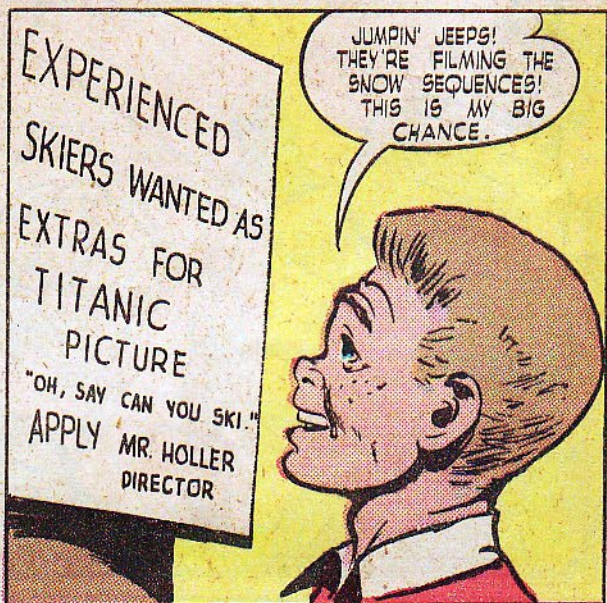
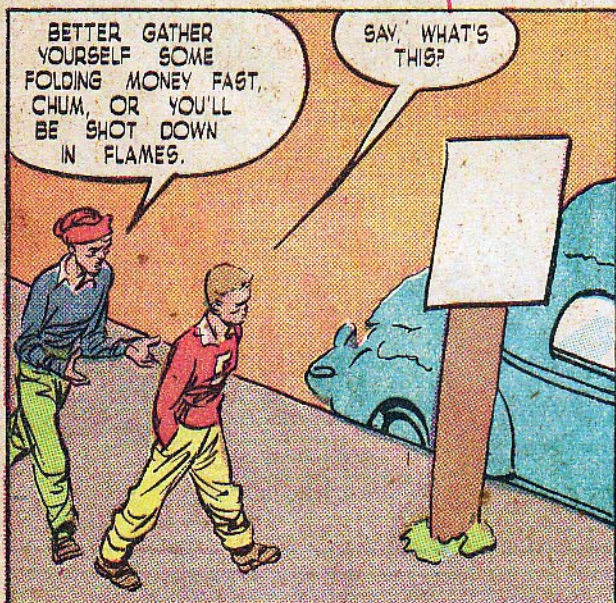
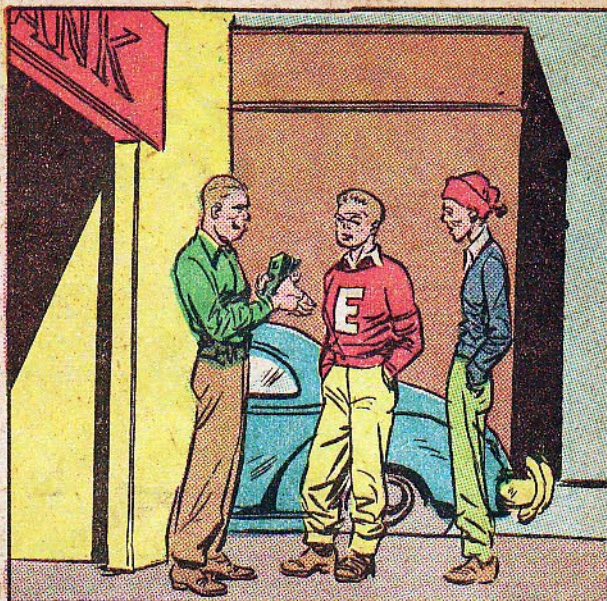
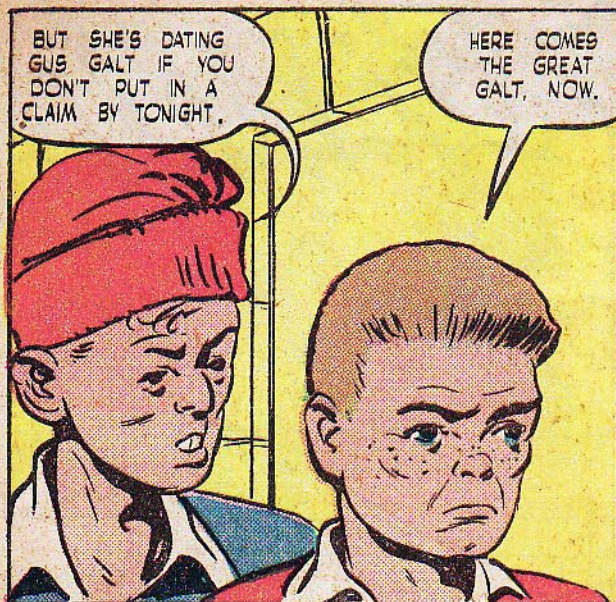
YOU MEAN STREAKY HASN'T ASKED YOU TO THE CHRISTMAS BALL YET, BETTY?

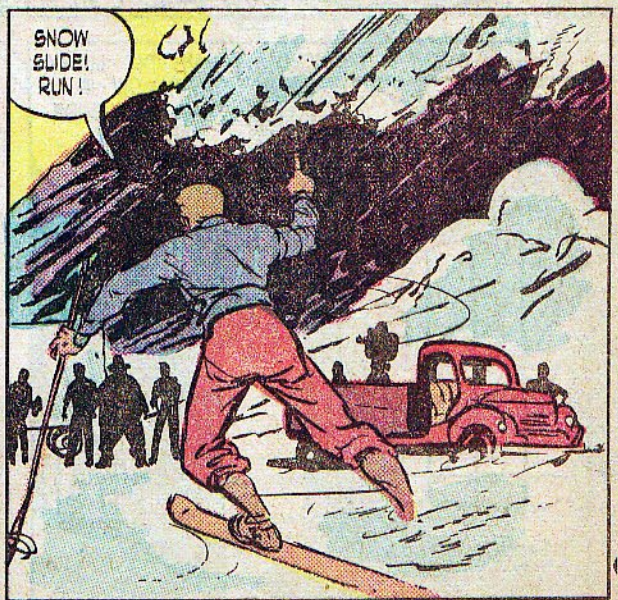
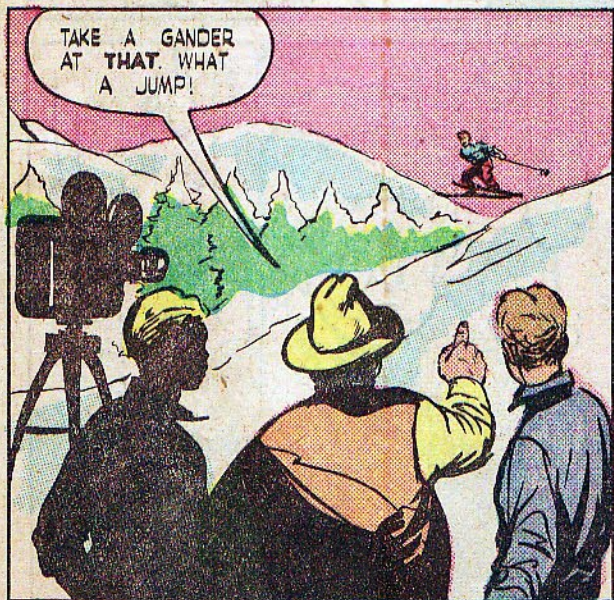
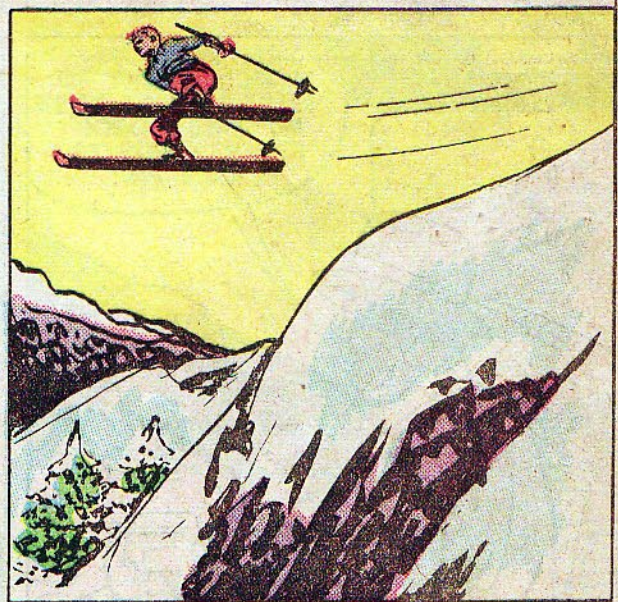
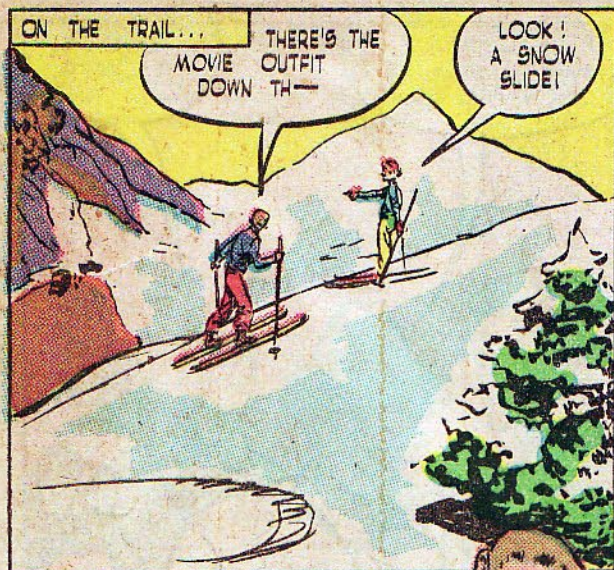
NO. AND IF HE DOESN'T ASK ME TONIGHT I'M GOING WITH GUS GALT. I CAN TAKE A HINT!

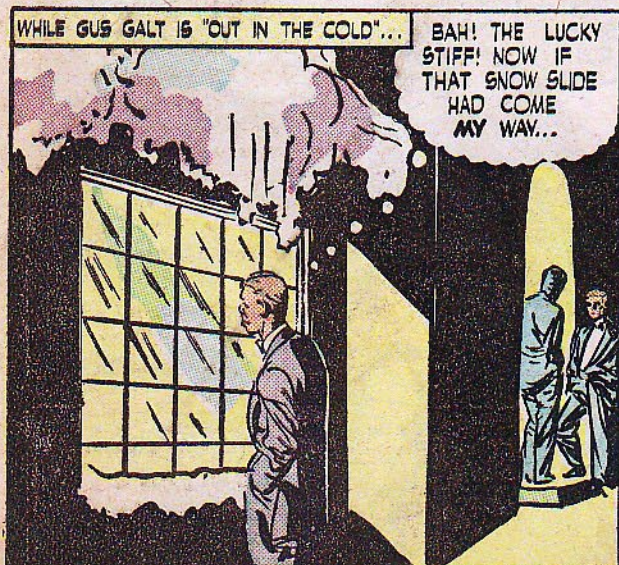


HEY, STREAKY! HOW COME YOU AREN'T DRAGGING BETTY TO THE BIG SHINDIG?

THREE GOOD REASONS, WINDY — I'M BROKE! BUSTED! FLAT!







ONE-PLAY MORGAN

Elmhurst players gasped their warning to the backfield defenders. He saw Herbie on his right, cutting toward the defensive left halfback, and he slowed to pick up his interference. Down went the halfback when Herbie hit him, and then Jennings, a guard, was escorting him toward the Elmhurst safety man.

They were moving into Elmhurst territory when the safety man began to close in. Jerry saw that Jennings was losing speed. Seized with panic, he watched the Elmhurst defender angle to trap him at the sideline.

But the panic gave way to purposefulness when Jennings collapsed at his side. Jerry realized that his mates had shaken him free. He couldn't let them down.

So Jerry veered toward the sideline. The Elmhurst safety man took the bait and broke his stride. Instantly Jerry crow-stepped back toward the gridiron's center, changed his pace, and flashed by the last obstacle.

Herbie Stephens might just as well have fozzled the kick for the extra point. The gun boomed the finish of the game. Players and fans bore down upon Jerry to carry him shoulder-high off the field, but he fled for the locker-room.

As he dressed Jerry fought the tears rushing to his eyes. So he had scored—and they liked him again. Why should one play—one game—change all that?

He dressed hurriedly and left.

Herbie overtook him as he turned into the hospital.

"What's your rush, fella?" Herbie cried. "Getting exclusive?"

Jerry brushed past the nurse and gained Tad's room. The varsity quarterback grinned up from the bed.

"Hi, Jerry! Brother, did you come through!"

"Look, Tadpole," Jerry began.

"Stow it, Jerry!" Herbie commanded. "Maybe I'd better explain."

"Hello, Mastermind," Tad said. "How did you like old One-Play Morgan's one play?"

"Great," Herbie replied. "Listen, Jerry, we all knew you didn't break Tad's leg on purpose."

Jerry glanced from one to the other. "But, why—I—" he stammered.

"Herbie got the idea of giving you the silent treatment," Tad explained. "It was the only way to take your mind off the jitters you always got the minute you subbed for me. I told you all along you're a better quarterback than I—and you certainly proved it today!"

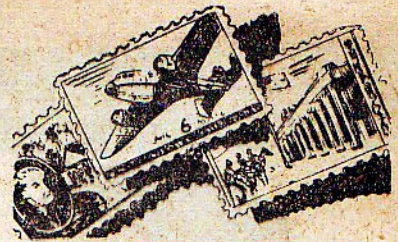
Half in astonishment, half in anger, he exclaimed, "Why, I ought to—"

"You'll do nothing, Jerry," Tad countered, "except tell me about the fine points of the game."

"Herbie can tell you," Jerry said. "I—er—I gotta go!"

"Go!" Tad scoffed. "But my mother's bringing ice cream."

"Thanks," Jerry said, blushing and reaching for the door. "But I have to beat it. Got to clean the cellar..."



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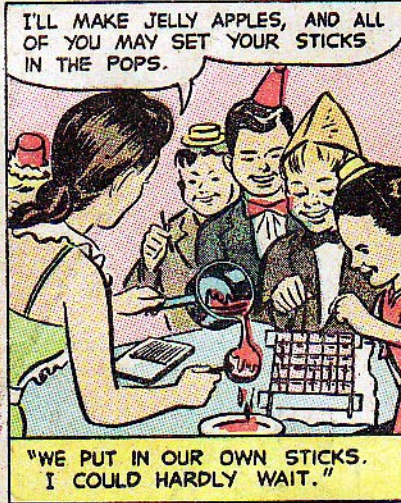
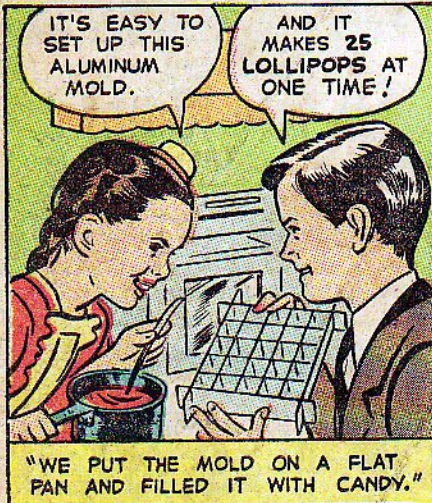
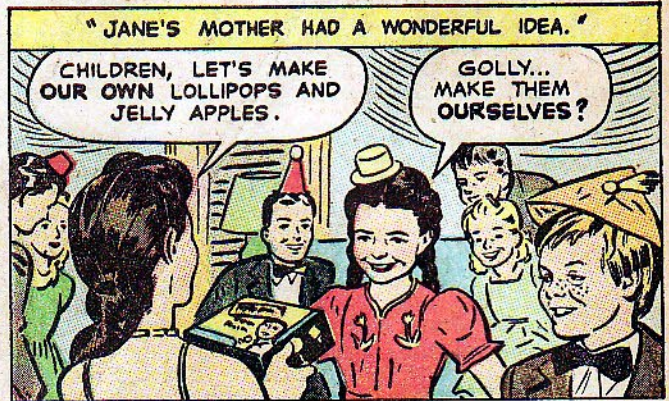
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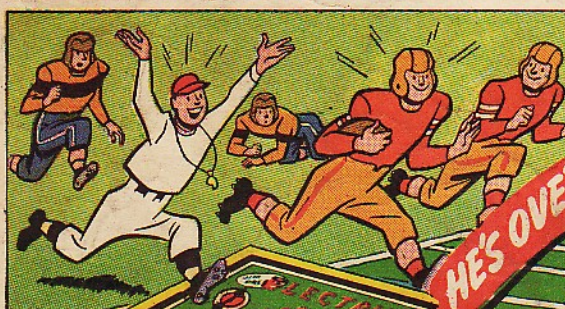
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